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Slug,

I'm getting really sick of this shit that's been taking over MTV! The belligerent little cream heads don't play any good mood inspiring mind awakening videos anymore. You know MTV's gone to hell when "weird" by hanson (they don't deserve to be capitalized) is the number one requested video. What the fuck is the country thinkin'? What happened to all the good videos, remember when Deftones second album just came out and that abstractly poetic video was released and actually played on MTV....for what, about 2 weeks, then it just disappeared. And what ever happened to Tool's highly entertaining videos??

So what can we do about it? We can email MTV online to tell them that we want our videos back! Go to www.angelfire.com/ca/backwards and head to the links page where you will find a link to actually email MTV and tell them what you think. We want Helmet, Tool, Deftones, Sepultura, Beastie boys, Pantera, and mabeey even a hint of Korn now and then! I'm so fuckin sick of all this R&B shit and all the fuckin shitty ass rap,(Don't get me wrong, I enjoy a lot of Hip-Hop, but what the hell is puff daddy doing on

the air?) and I especially hate hanson!

So don't just think about it, do something about it and lets take our MTV back form all the faggy ass domesticated fools that think they run the world!!

Props out,
Thomas Wright

Dickheads-

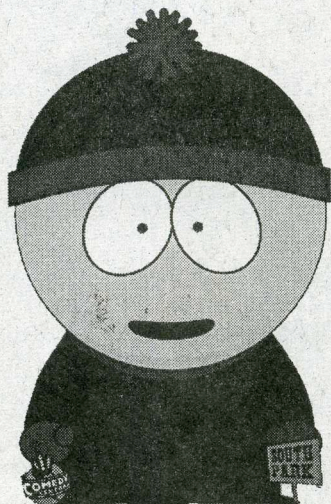
My good friend Robin from San Francisco told me of the death of Wendy O. Williams of the Plasmatics. I didn't even know she died and maybe you didn't either. Any way, I was on the internet today and I found an awesome Plasmatics page that gives the newspaper reports of her death and some great pictures of Wendy during the riot years of the Plasmatics.

Poor Wendy! An era is closing and we all are getting older!

I say, Rock On!
—Parker

*"Life is too short so love the one you've got,
you might get run over or
you might get shot!"*

-Sublime



This month's cover
was done by
Jeanne Ziegler
She also did the
infamous
American flag
cover a few years
ago. We think she
has a problem
with authority.



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In & Out

Kevin Cline stars as a gay teacher who finds out he is gay when a former student says he is gay on TV. Well, I don't think that's how it works, but I'll ask someone who knows. As a movie it was a little predictable and a little boring.

Boogie Nights

This could've been the stupidest movie I've seen this year. What the hell is this movie about? A guy with a big schlong? People who take drugs? People who are just stupid? That's not enough to get a thumbs up from me. You need to have a story. Not a shitty story that means nothing, but a story. This movie was horrible.

House Of Yes

Parker Posey. The more movies she makes, the better she gets. You'll remember her from Party Girl. This time she's a little "quirky"... or shall we say "nuts?" Parker and her brother live in a Jackie Onassis fantasy world. Playing role games like "I'm the shooter, you're the President," or "I'm Jackie, you're John"... Remember they're siblings.

Kiss The Girls

Two of my favorites. One old and one new. Morgan Freeman and Ashley Judd. Freeman has been outstanding in almost all of his movies.

Judd is getting to be outstanding too. She makes this movie a heroine role, and very well done. A serial killer thriller with a surprise in the box. Best move of the month next to...

L.A. Confidential

If there's a better new movie out there on video, I'd like to see it. What a great show. Should've won best picture, but Academy Award idiots fell for that Titanic thing. Kevin Spacey is great as the suave detective and Danny DeVito is also great as the reporter

from Hush Magazine. And the blonde looker/dame? Kim Basinger.

Ice Storm

Film makers need to stop going back to the 70's to make a movie. This time it works, but I don't want to see any more of those clothes. This was a really cool movie. Sigourney Weaver and Kevin Kline, adultery, weather, first make-out sessions and "key parties." Whoo hoo.

Star Maps

If this is what those Star Map stands are all about in L.A., then I was pretty naive when I was younger and living there. Newcomer Douglas Spain moves from Mexico to work for his dad as a street hustler so that he can get in the movie business. Not bad. Some of the actors were weak, but overall a good flick.

The Edge

Anthony Hopkins and Alec Baldwin fight the weather, each other and a huge manhunter Kodiak bear in Alaska. Why all the trouble? Elle MacPherson. I kept putting off seeing this movie and now I wish I hadn't. It was better than I expected.

—Mr. Pink



Mr. Pink
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on
the
web

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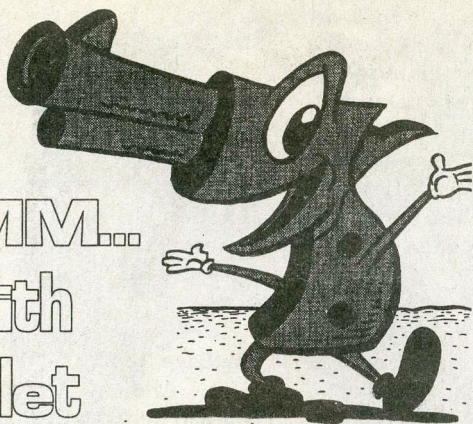
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NAMM...

#1 with a bullet



The NAMM Show Review

I had been working on an album for a Grammy nominee whose head was to big to realize his CD will end up on the shelf next to Kenny G. (Not nominated for a Grammy anytime recently, but a long time ago, in a land far, far away.) A rock star complex to say the least. I won't mention his name because 1) It's not his real name, and 2) Nobody knows who he is anyway. He is not as famous in real life as he is in his own head. Producing and recording an album for a label as big as Virgin Records was a little stressful and trying at times, but it also gave me the opportunity to work with such talents as bass player Michael Manring (Named best bass player several times by Bass Player Magazine.), sax player Marion Meadows (currently on Sire Records.), and Daryl Stuermer (guitar player for Genesis and the Phil Collins band.) Anywhere from 12 to 17 hour days were what the standard work week would consist of, so it was a requirement to live in a guest room during the course of the job. The studio was in his basement.

At the moment I was probably the cheapest working man servant you could get without bringing back slavery. I actually made more money coming back into town on the weekends to record local bands that didn't have the attitude that you needed to kiss their asses or stroke their egos. So you can see why I looked forward to the weekends. This weekend was going to be different though. I was going down to L.A. for the NAMM convention with the artist I was recording. NAMM stands for the National Association of Music Merchants and is one of the largest conventions in the world.

On two hours of sleep, I woke up to find the aging rock god running around like a chicken with its head recently departed from it's body chanting come on! Hurry it up! We have a plane to catch! I tossed some clothes into the duffel bag I was currently living out of, zipped it up and we were on our way.

We walked through the airport to the metal detector. I placed my bag on the little treadmill that takes it through the X-ray

machine and walked past the metal detecting arches. It seemed to be taking an extra long time for my bag to get to the other end and the people running the machine seemed to be preoccupied with something. There on the screen was the reason for all the hubbub all right.

Holy shit!

Someone here has a gun in their luggage! I thought, while looking on the screen ahead of me at what was obviously just that. A gun. Something

straight out of the movies was going down and I was about to witness it. Then I noticed the cops starting to appear.

Holy shit! Someone here has a gun!

Why are the cops circling me though? Oh Fuck! It is me!

I was apprehended and taken to a room in the airport where I sat being questioned by the police. The FBI was called and supposedly on their way. Me, I was just soaking up the ambience of being this screwed over a stupid mistake. The bag was thoroughly checked by security and the gun was examined by the police to make sure there wasn't any bullets in it. Which there weren't. They told me that if there had been bullets in the gun, in the bag, or on my person, There would be mandatory felony charges and I would be going to a federal prison to take my vows as spouse to the guy with the most cigarettes. The artist formerly known as talented poked his head in the room and feeling very put out and inconvenienced said

Listen, I've got a plane to catch so good luck. If you make it to California, call me on my pager from the airport. See ya.

Then a guy from the FAA come in the room, showed me his credentials, had a seat and proceeded to play hard guy while trying to brow beat me into a confession. I came to the conclusion that he wasn't very happy with the truth so I told him

Look, if you don't like the truth there isn't a lot I can do about it. But that still doesn't change the fact that this is what happened. The only way you're going to get me to tell you what you want to hear, is for me to lie to you. I can do that if you like but I'll still be lying.

After the fingerprinting I was handed a wet nap to wipe off with. It was just like the kind you get with a plate of ribs or wings at a restaurant except these were labeled just for them. Like in the picture here. After allot of scare tactics and being informed of the \$11,000 maximum fine that could be placed on me, I was free to leave.

On my way out they wanted to search my bag again, but I talked them out of it saying They've already searched my bag.

See. (showing the broken zipper.)i

Another guy piped up and said

Yeah, we've already searched him.

I made a bee line for the bathroom

where I went into a stall, dropped my pants down to my ankles, just in case there were surveillance cameras, and pretended to be going to the bathroom while going through all my things with a fine tooth comb. A little paranoid? Yeah maybe, but when you're looking at possible prison time, a little paranoia can be healthy. Now depending on whether this story could have any bearing on my case in the future or not, the next part, I may be lying about.

Between my coat pockets and the duffel bag, I came up with a handful of bullets that they had missed in their search somehow. It was a good thing I was sitting on the toilet when I discovered this, because I would have shit myself otherwise. I wiped all the bullets down with toilet paper, wrapped them all up in big ball, and threw them in the garbage on my way out.

It's safe to say my nerves were a bit frazzled. And even though the airline decided to let me on another flight, it wasn't leaving until a few hours after the original boarding time. So I went to the bar at the airport to have a few drinks. An old buddy of mine was there working and asked me if he could get me a drink.

Sure, if you guys take checks.

I'm sorry we don't. But there is a bank downstairs.

So I went to the bank to cash a check, only to find that I had written my last one. Then I went to the ATM so that it could tell me my bank account doesn't exist. Luckily my friend set me up with a couple of free shots of whiskey and a beer to wash it down with. This was the best thing that had happened to me all day long and I'm going to have a child just so I can name it after him. After about a pack of cigarettes I was finally on the plane. It looked like I was going to make it to NAMM after all.

The ATM at LAX was suffering from a case of amnesia about my bank account also and I had used the rest of my change to fill the cup of a fake priest asking for money and to uselessly call the pager of the artist currently known as sellout. No matter how many times I left messages for him and stood waiting by the pay phone he would not return my calls. Finally I got a hold of the 1-800 number to Key Bank, got transferred to a Utah branch and was told

Gee that's funny? You're ATM card should be working. Give me an hour and we'll have that fixed.

Another fun filled hour at LAX went by as fast as your own personal, pre-arranged wedding ceremony to an ugly girl. However, in the end, the bank came through for me. My account was valid once again and I was able to pay the \$20.00 van ride fee into town. I had done it! Against the odds, I had made it to the L.A. Convention Center for the NAMM show. Gianni would have his review for SLUG after

all.

This thing was overwhelmingly HUGE! And security was tight. I got questioned on whether or not I was really supposed to be there, at least twice on my way to the registration desk. Once I had my pass (thanks to Doug Morton and Q-up Arts) I was free to roam. Since I hadn't been to the hotel yet, I had the pleasure of toting around this large, very heavy duffel bag with me where ever I went. (minus the weight of the now confiscated gun. So it wasn't as bad as I'm making it sound.) The first day pretty much consisted of hauling this thing around looking for the artist pretending to be known as artist. I noticed the boys from Utah's own D.O.D. Electronics had a booth there, so I stopped and talked for a second to one of the more entertaining frontmen of a band, Salt Lake has ever known. The lead singer from the Maggotheads.

The search continued for the artist known as missing throughout the rest of what was left of the day. Even after paging him several times from the same building letting him know I was there. I did finally catch up to him though, and his welcoming response was

I'm really pissed at what happened at the airport this morning.

To which my response was

Really, I would think that I would be the one that would be pissed since it happened to me and not you. And since it affects me and not you. And since I'm the one that might be going to prison and not you. Yeah, I can see why you would be pissed off at me.

Well, at least you made it! I didn't think you would. I got a couple of your pages and called you right back on the pay phone at the airport but no one answered so I guess you weren't there.

I found out later from someone that not only did he get all of my pages but he didn't call me back at all and made the comment.

Fuck Dan! I just realized he probably doesn't have any money on him to get out of the airport either, but Fuck him! I've got a business to run.

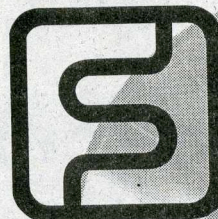
That night we went to one of the many private concerts

in one of the buffet rooms at a hotel nearby for Greg Chiquico (former guitar player Jefferson Starship) and Richard Elliot (Sax player extraordinaire).

The next day we got to the convention early and when I wasn't busy running errands for the artist formerly cloned from elevator music, I had time to check out some of the coolest music gear about to be introduced out on the market I have ever seen. The winner, in my opinion, was the Panasonic Ramsa mixer board. It comes with full motorized automation and almost all the features of the Yamaha 02R but for half the price and the ability to mix surround sound. Yes, I do believe I'll be getting one of these for my studio. There were all of very cool items on display and more free key chains than is possible to have enough keys to utilize. There were celebrities walking all over the place ranging from Dave Letterman's bass player Will Lee, to Peter Buffet, David Arkenstone, and Michael Manning. I didn't see him but it was rumored that Graham Russell from Air Supply was there also. I had a nice conversation with Nikki Sixx from Motley Crue and gave him a Crapshoot CD to use as a beer coaster. I was going to talk with Coolio but every two steps he would take, someone would jump out of nowhere, put their arm around him and a camera flash would go off from the direction of the persons friend taking a picture of them together. He looked very annoyed so I let him be. I didn't want to chance pissing him off and having one of his entourage pull out their gat, sending me to gangstas paradise.

The highlight of the whole thing, besides Tina Yothers in a limousine. You have to have your priorities straight after all, was going back to the hotel, getting rid of the artist currently known as touched in the head, and hooking up with the Moon Family in the hotel bar. Having beers and listening to stories of Motorheads Lemmy talking like a pirate and how the Moon Family's drummer Jim almost laid out one of the members of Marilyn Manson for being an ass. This was indeed the best part of the whole trip.

—Ray M.



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Crass Dismissed

By Job Brannin

*Eagles may soar.... but weasels aren't
sucked into jet engines*

BURN THE PRIEST / AGENTS OF SATAN Split 7"

In spite of the band names, neither one of these bands is black metal. BURN THE PRIEST are an extremely tight, earth shatteringly powerful hardcore band. Their politically charged lyrics are underscored by a musically massive sound that harnesses the finest in extreme hardcore traditions from power violence to old school thrash. AGENTS OF SATAN are a noisier, more erratic act who seem to specialize in extremes of hysteria and passion. (\$3 USA/\$5 World to Def American #3 Bethel Church Rd., Dillsburg, PA 17019)

PREEXISTING CONDITION (Don Campau) and WESTERN UNION (Robin & Don)

Don Campau is a long time purveyor of "home recorded" art jazz/rock. This tape features on side one Don easing through an eclectic arrangement of tunes that are marked by his genteel and smooth delivery. His music has no boundaries. He is as comfortable in a pop tune as he is in an experimental electronic improv. My favorite is the sarcastic "Little Godly Kisses" which lyrically is an attack on Tartuffian religious hypocrisy which, in Don's words delivers "less than a pepperoni pizza." Musically the tune is rather Irish. An odd mix that works well. The flip side of the tape is Don and his wife performing some soaring and dreamy numbers that are as hypnotizing as they are enigmatic. Robin has a captivating soprano that easily weaves a tapestry in and out of the music whether it be upbeat or serene. If you want to explore music that is TRULY unique and TRULY "underground" contact Don. He also does a radio show called "No

Pigeonholes" that features a variety of home tape artists who are exploring sound and music in a myriad of ways. Copies of each two hour "No Pigeonholes" broadcast are also available. To quote the tag on Don's show, "You've never heard anything like this." (Lonely Whistle POB 23952, San Jose, CA 95153 or campaudj@jps.net)

SCULPTURED

The Spear of the Lily is Aureoled

This is metal music that soars on the beautiful wings of a dove one moment and dives towards the sulfur spewing pits of the underworld the next. The beauty of and splendor captured here is remarkable. Black metal bands have been trying to sculpt albums like this for years... At least they now have a model. Petal soft melody is juxtaposed against metallic crunch and is then intertwined with various embellishments like a jazz horn and improv. The vocals trade off between death growls and ultra-clean singing. The production is flawless and the entire disc from music to packaging screams class. (THE END Records)

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DROGHEDA

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One of my favorite grind bands is back with a 29 song retrospective of their career that includes cuts from all their best material as well as a few re-recorded classics and some unreleased stuff. DROGHEDA are pure, relentless grindcore. Nothing fancy, nothing experimental, just full speed, full contact grindcore that rips you a new one with its sheer intensity. Mid-career NAPALM DEATH is a good comparison for those who need one. If you are ready to get creamed, get DROGHEDA. (Wild Rags 2207 W. Whittier Blvd., Montebello, CA 90640 or DICK-CEE@webtv.net)

INP\$

Promo Tape

With members from SLAM zine in Brazil, INP\$ is a pure blood, in-your-face and down-your throat hardcore band with a driving beat, harsh and raspy guitars, and very traditional hardcore vocals yelled in Portuguese. This late-eighties sound has become classic but few bands really pound it out with the power and fury found here. (rbbarros@uninet.com.br or Hudson R. Miguel, 20 - Sta. Rosa Niterd here. (rbbarros@uninet

—Jeb Branin



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The San Francisco-based Loud Family are releasing their fourth full length album, *Days for Days* with Alias Records on May 19. Check it out at your favorite CD supplier.

The Loud Family, led by Scott Miller, are back again with another batch of fresh, imaginative yet quirky pop. *Days for Days* is a virtual sonic garden of catchy hooks and thought-provoking lyrics. Slickly produced by Miller as well, this album proves to be a keeper.

Try to keep seated during the chorus of the poppy *Crypto-Sicko*. You cannot avoid being mesmerized by the gorgeous *Way Too Helpful*. The pulsing rhythms of *Deee-Pression* are among the best on the album. But what should get the attention of Loud Family followers are songs like *Good*, *There Are No Lions In The Street* and the epic *Sister Sleep*. These songs show the versatility of the Loud Family by throwing the listener a couple of great change-ups.

This time around the band emerges with a different lineup other than what was heard on the 1996 Alias release *Interbabe Concern*. With the addition of Allison Faith Levy on keyboards and backing vocals, and drummer Gil Ray providing the backbeat, fans of the Loud Family will fondly recall Miller's eighties band *Game Theory*, whom Gil Ray drummed for as well. Kenny Kessel continues to anchor the band on bass.

Levy gives the band a fresh yet familiar texture with her keyboards and voice. Miller and Levy mix their voices very nicely, almost elegantly, throughout the disc, especially evident in the opening track *Cortex the Killer*.

Days for Days is a fine fit in the Loud Family's progression of music. Although the band changes musicians frequently, the music and genius of Scott Miller continues to evolve and impress. This one hallmark sets his music apart from the mainstream which continues to copy and recipro-

cate itself. This disc is a breath of fresh air in an otherwise smoky room.

I had the extreme pleasure in talking with Scott Miller over the phone and asking him about his latest ventures. Here is what we discussed:

Slug: After *Interbabe Concern* I was wondering how you guys would follow up such a great album. But as usual you've done it again.

Scott: Ha ha, that's very nice of you.

Slug: Tell me about the latest evolvement of the band. You've got some new faces and old friends now.

Scott: Yeah, well, the new old face is Gil Ray who I've played with in *Game Theory* for a long time. He actually had a back injury for pretty much the years after *Game Theory*. He was picking up a box of records and wrenched his back. Also around the same time he got this really bad eye injury. He was actually attacked on the street.

Slug: By What?

Scott: They think it was like a gang initiation or something like that. Basically gouged him in the eye with a broken bottle. Just about blinded him, but they were able to reconstruct the main damage to the eye. But now he can see, at least sort of normally.

Slug: So he was down.

Scott: He was physically down for awhile. Yeah, we had a man down. One day when Joe (Becker) announced he was leaving primarily to be a more full-time dad and art student. Gil said, Well, I'm ready to do it again. Also on keyboards we have this woman named Allison Faith Levy. Who is a fairly well known solo artist in her own right in San Francisco. I've heard her stuff and liked it for quite some time. It's really pleasant to be able to work with her.

Slug: I think the addition of Allison gives you guys a fresh yet familiar sound. Your voices mesh nicely.

Scott: Yeah, she has more of a piano player approach than Paul (Wieneke) did. Paul was more into what you would have to call the avant-garde basis of keyboards. He actually had a Ph.D in music from Stanford. He was in their CCRMA, their computer and experimental music thing. So he knew all about twentieth century modes of experimentation in music. He was very knowledgeable about how to use a synthesizer to get the technical side of things.

Slug: Was that where the synthesizers and effects came from on Interbabe Concern?

Scott: Definitely. A lot of that was Paul and me sitting around and pouring dangerous chemicals and seeing what frothed up.

Slug: The results were amazing though, I must say.

Scott: Thanks, I liked that a lot.

Slug: Let's talk about Days for Days. I think it has a real rootsy, flavor to it. If you compare it to The Tapes Of Only Linda and Plants and Birds and Rocks and Things.

Scott: Yeah, you mean it sounds more like a band playing real instruments in a room.

Slug: You mentioned the piano playing and Gil's drumming as well. Songs like Good, There Are No Lions In The Street, Way Too Helpful, and Sister Sleep come off very nicely. It's definitely a different feel from the previous albums.

Scott: Thanks, actually Interbabe Concern was recorded in a real non-standard way. Mostly I did it as demos played to a click track on the AD/AT as the first thing that was recorded. And after that, took it into the studio and put drums and bass onto that. I totally like the way it came out but it's a very difficult way to record the drummer and bassist because typically those are a more time-accurate way of starting the proceedings than the guitar player. I think I'm playing perfectly but in fact when you go to play on top of it, you notice that I'm not 100% accurate. There was a patching-things-up

stage after that where I would have to go and either play the guitar again outright or do some crazy things like sample little pieces of the guitar and shift it later in time.

Slug: It sounds quite laborious.

Scott: Right. You just try that ten times until I happen to get it perfect for what it had to be. And then punch that in from an adjacent track. This last time we thought, Oh well, that was nice but how refreshing it would be if we just all play this stuff in a room together. So that's the way we did this last one.

Slug: The results on Days for Days sounds like some great music. Another thing I wanted to say is that a constant with Game Theory and Loud Family records is always the impeccable production. Whether it being produced by Mitch Easter or yourself, how do you like producing?

Scott: Thanks. Well, I like it quite a bit. It's a job where you have more mixed feelings as you get into it. Sometimes you just got to say, This is going to sound really stupid but I'm going to do it because five years from now they'll thank me. All of which is to say that production isn't as strictly joyous as it might be. You do have to deal with this crap, that has nothing to do with artistry.

Slug: But you enjoy both sides of it though.

Scott: Yeah, I do. I really am a sound going on to tape junkie. I've always loved that process. In junior high and high school, I just taped things just because it got me off all the time.

Slug: So that's where all the quirky interludes, tape loops and snippets came from?

Scott: Yeah, I just love that stuff and I love albums that do that kind of stuff. And I assumed that other people will too. You don't really hear this on hit radio but if anyone were ever to crack the door a little bit, suddenly people would have this big appetite for that kind of stuff. It's a little bit different from, I know this is going to be tough for people to listen to but I'm going to do it anyway because I'm an originator. It's more like, This is stuff that when I was a stupid kid, I thought this was the greatest. If people can get on the same plane of being able to appreciate the entertainment value of this stuff. That would be a good thing to do.

Slug: Is there any differences on how you approach writing music for the Loud Family as opposed to writing music for GameTheory?

Scott: Well, I sort of go in cycles of writing songs in pretty different ways. But in general, the Loud Family has been composed of people who write their own parts a lot more actively. It seems like there were a lot of situations where I'd just write the bass part note for note, or the keyboard part note for note in Game Theory and that's almost unheard of now. I'm much more a team player who is aware of his niche.

Slug: I've noticed on the credits on the discs that the lyrics would be by you, but the

music would be by every member in the band.

Scott: Right. And that just acknowledges the fact I write the guitar chords and the vocal melody. But that's not everything to a song, you know. You also get a whole set of energies coming from the rhythm section. And the synthesizer has become considered a really important instrument again. People really listen to keyboards, all bands have keyboards now. It's really funny to observe the way these things flip-flop in a four or five year period. I've been watching these things come and go for a very long time. It's almost scary sometimes how the whole, especially the indie scene can turn on a dime.

So can the commercial scene sometimes.

Slug: Will you guys be hitting the road this summer?

Scott: Yeah, were going out, roughly speaking in the month of July. We're going to do the whole country.

Slug: How do you like the Loud Family web site and the internet discussion list?

Scott: I think they're both great. I visit the web site now and then. Sue Trowbridge is a good friend of mine and we interact on that a little bit but I think she does a terrific job (with the web site.)

Slug: It's a great place for people to get information and just talk about the music.

Scott: Exactly, this whole internet thing is the greatest. There's this one feature of the web site which is called Ask Scott where people get to ask me any question they'd like and I do my best to answer it.

Slug: It must be flattering to be asked questions and be talked about.

Scott: It's definitely an honor. Yes.

Look out for the Loud Family this summer and check out their new disc Days for Days. Catch up with latest news via the Loud Family web site at www.loudfamily.com.

—Dan Nash

check out
**THE LOUD
FAMILY**
on our website
www.slugmag.com

Lame Ass Concert PreVuze

Due to a lack interest, at least on the audience's part, I've decided to abbreviate the Lame Ass Concerts for this month. Unless the genre is white boy funk or hippie no one cares anyway. No one goes out to shows in this town, no one cares about music and the Jazz are in the playoffs. You will all sit on your sorry lame asses hoping for the Jazz to win an NBA championship. Like that will happen. Gianni has already staked the entire SLUG empire betting on the Jazz, and if they don't win the championship that's the end of SLUG. If the Jazz win we're going glossy in June. (don't fuck with the editor, especially where playoff voodoo is concerned) Here are the highlights for May. Since none of you fuckers read last month's page and sent me any information I'm flying by Pollstar downloaded from the stupid, lying, slo.....w Internet. Next month the Lame Ass Concert Preview page will feature the entire fucking summer. Be prepared, be very, very prepared because SLUG is the only outlet that prints the truth about dinosaurs, baby boomer attractions and hippie fests.

Union is at Grizzly's on May 5. How stupid is that band? Fired by Motl y Cr e and KISS with a shit album to promote they head to Utah? JGB? I nearly choked on vomit induced by overindulgence in barbiturates, heroin, alcohol and died. Moonshine Willy at Spanky's is a hit, as is Cheri Knight. The Willy's are there on May 9, Knight's there on May 6. The Din Peddles are another good one at Spanky's. Spanky's is the spot boys and girls. James Armstrong is at the Dead Goat on May 11, another good one from a man recovering from an attack so severe that he had to learn to play slide guitar. It's the blues. Thorazine is another not to miss gig and again it's at Spanky's. Garage rock with females is scanty, or scantily attired, but since there are females in the band look for the garage to be big news in City Weekly and the Salt Lake Tribune. Catfish Keith is all over Utah during May and this "cat" is fer sure

dude. The George Strait dilly wacker has replaced the Jane's Addiction lolly gagger at present. Travel to Provo and view the worst dressed people in Utah. The minimum charge for back row seats is in the neighborhood of \$26. White trash brothers and sisters who sleep together and breed with sheep or a knothole in their backyard family tree lacking branches will show up in matching satin nylon jackets with Elrod's Brakes stenciled on the back. Dave Matthews needs

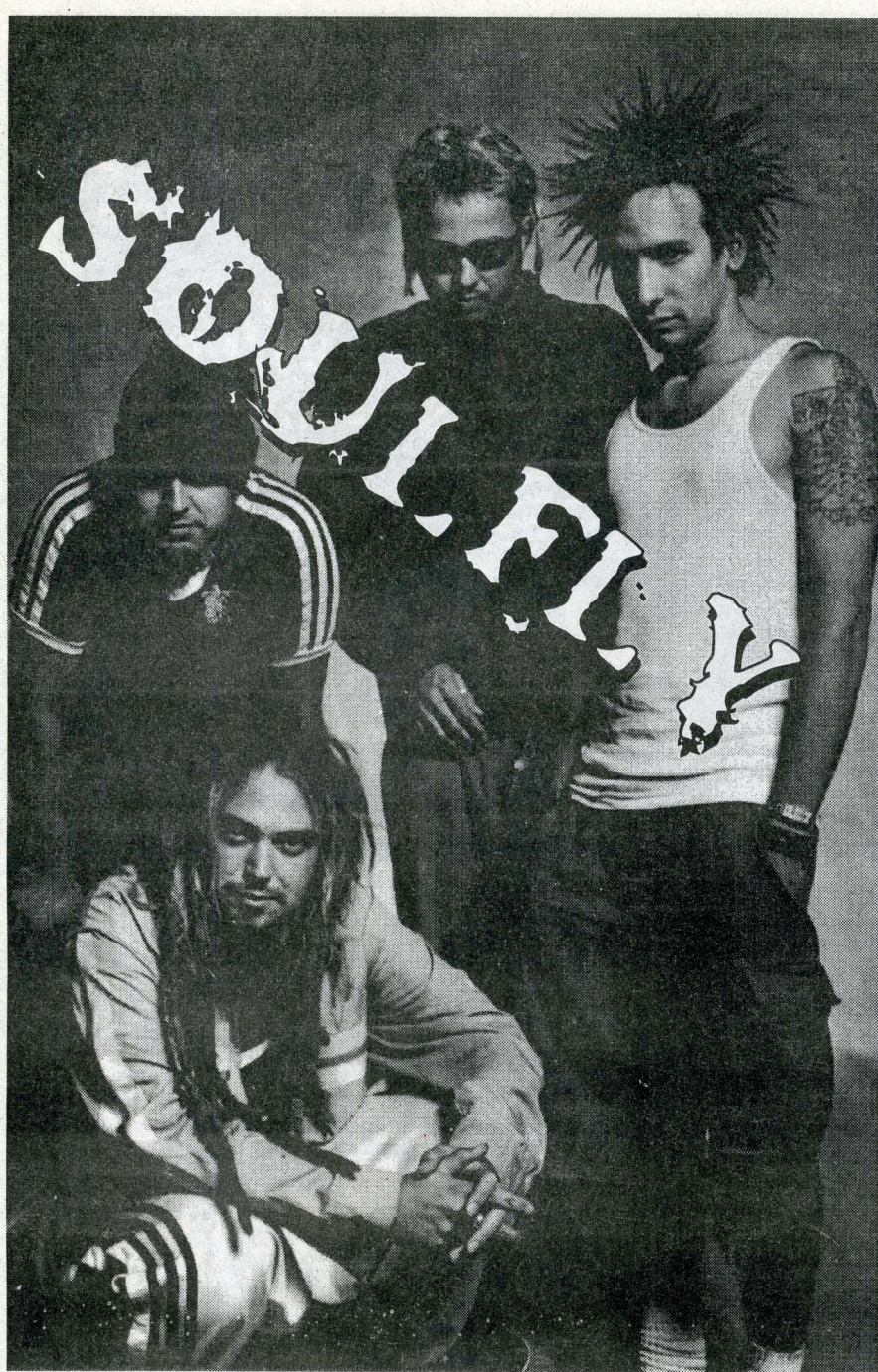
Tortoise plays jazz these days, at least from the sound of their latest record. Live should be much more interesting and the U of U is the spot. No Knife is at the Moroccan with Bluebird and Ludlow on May 11 and Mike Watt is coming back. I'm sure that big bearded guy who screamed and spit beer the last time Mr. Watt played at Spanky's won't be allowed to perform at the Zephyr on May 30. Ether is holding a CD release party for their brand new, all instrumen-



to die and quickly. I nearly missed another good blues show at the Dead Goat. Mike Morgan and the Crawl are there on May 18 and these boys are going to do roots rock, soul, and blues as if the year were '59. The coolest name from one of the coolest bands is at Spanky's again! And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead wins the month on the basis of the name alone. Who cares how badly they play, look for the bodies afterwards. Earth Crisis and Madball aren't playing at Spanky's. I can't figure out why not, but join the gang squad at the Holy Cow. Those planning on attendance - please review a DVD of the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago.

tal album which tears a page from the Tortoise Franklin/Covey day planner at Spanky's on May 15. Also on May 15, right down the block at the Zephyr, is 10 Speed. It is time to see if the band has the goods to bring glam back to the charts. This show could be the killer gig of the entire month. The preview for early June, the days before the truth on summer hits the streets, shows Slayer on June 3. Slayer, Slayer, Slayer and now the band is signed to Sony. Leave the knives at home. Boyz to Men are in town the next night and that says more than I can about the state of the "Industry" and Salt Lake City in general.

—Eeko Disaster



If this issue of SLUG hits the streets as scheduled Soulfly played at Bricks yesterday. Hopefully a lot of you "readers," and I use the term loosely, because I read in the newspaper that 140,000 Utahns lack basic literary skills. A large percentage of that number probably read SLUG, or maybe they just look at the pictures. Anyway Soulfly played at Bricks last night. The advertisements for the show proclaimed "Max is back," and Max is of course Max Cavallera, a man formerly asso-

ciated with Sepultura. Sepultura, as I'm sure most of the "readers" know was a "death metal" band from Brazil. "Death metal" is a term coined by critics to put the fear of God into the breasts of parents whose children listen to Sepultura and other "heavy" rock bands. Sepultura isn't around anymore, Max lives in Phoenix and he is fronting Soulfly. The first Soulfly album can not be considered "death metal." The parents in the "reading" audience can return to their meditation music and the recorded sounds of nature feeling

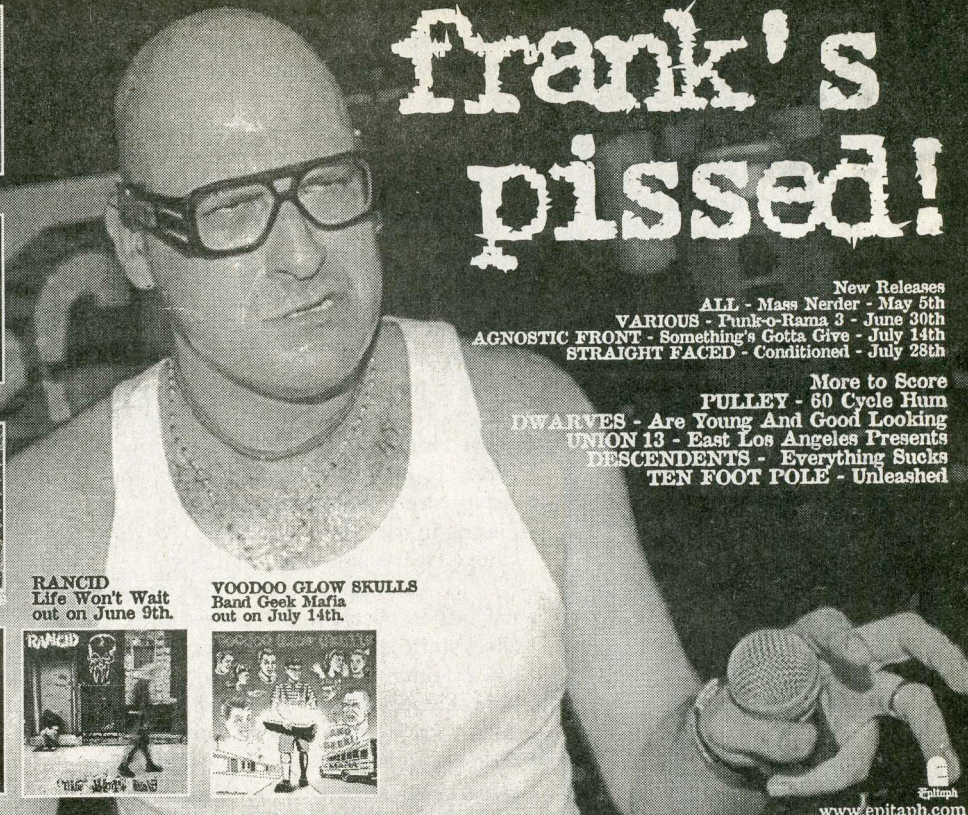
secure in the knowledge that the children are safe from the influence of Satan.

Along with the Soulfly cast – Max Cavallera (vocals, guitar), Jackson Bandeira (guitar), Marcello D. Rapp (bass) and Roy "Rata" Mayorga (drums) – are a number of guest musicians. Mario C has worked with the Beastie Boys, Burton C. Bell, Dino Cazares, and Christian Olde Wolbers are from Fear Factory, Limp Bizkit is represented by Fred Durst and DJ Lethal, Chino is from the Deftones, Benji is from Dub War and Eric Bobo is from Cypress Hill. Bandeira was in the Brazilian band Chico Science before he joined Soulfly after the death of Chico Science himself. Jorge DuPeixe and Gilmar Bola Oita were also members of Chico Science and they too are on the Soulfly album. Ross Robinson, known for his collaboration with Sepultura for their *Roots* album and also known for his production work with Korn and Limp Bizkit is the producer of record. Put all those people together and imagine what they create.

"Eye For An Eye" opens the disc and it is the only song about the Sepultura break-up. If a Sepultura fan listened to this one song they'd immediately purchase *Soulfly*. If a Sepultura fan listened to "No Hope = No Fear" they'd still purchase *Soulfly*. Both tunes are raging and the shit is flying, but the lyrics are positive. Where's the fucking death? Take note of the brief quieter moments because this album isn't all about hard and heavy. "Bleed" is a painful song and it contains a sentence addressed to the radio, a subject I'll get to later. "I'll make you bleed with another blow without the radio." DJ Lethal gets busy with the scratches. "Tribe" is where the disc gets interesting. It opens with just Max and a berimbau as an international number. When the rage kicks in again it becomes evident that Soulfly is more than "heavy music." "Bumba" continues the out-of-common experience. Jorge Du Peixe and Gilmar Bola Oito have been busy with the tambores for several songs. "Bumba" features them once again and all the boys in the group get together as Los Hooligans to chant "bumba." The depth of rhythmic intensity filters through the growl and blazing guitars. Both "First Commandment" and "Soulfly" feature Max on sitar. "First Commandment" continues the session of music so fierce that only the rhythmic insertions offer any relief. The title track is all rhythm and space for those into "chill out rooms." Los Hulligans return once again for the

continued on pg 32

frank's pissed!



BAD RELIGION
All Ages



THE CRAMPS
Big Beat From Badsville



RANCID
And Out Come The Waves



H2O
Thicker Than Water



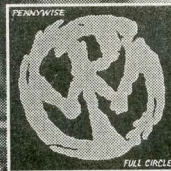
THE BOUNCING SOULS



VOODOO GLOW SKULLS
Balls De Los Locos



NOFX
So Long And Thanks For All The Snos



PENNYWISE
Full Circle

RANCID
Life Won't Wait
out on June 9th.

VOODOO GLOW SKULLS
Band Geek Mafia
out on July 14th.



New Releases
ALL - Mass Nerder - May 5th
VARIOUS - Punk-o-Rama 3 - June 30th
AGNOSTIC FRONT - Something's Gotta Give - July 14th
STRAIGHT FACED - Conditioned - July 28th

More to Score
PULLEY - 60 Cycle Hum
DWARVES - Are Young And Good Looking
UNION 13 - East Los Angeles Presents
DESCENDENTS - Everything Sucks
TEN FOOT POLE - Unleashed

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EAT
WEAR GEAR

..Slug..

—rllj

Not only does this man kick it out with a band that carries his name, Rollins Band, not only is he a spoken word performer, but to add to his resume, he is an author and a publisher. Talk about DIY, carve your own niche, walk your own path, throw caution to the wind type of a life.



This guy wrote the book on it, no pun intended. Whether he wants to be or not, this man is a shining example to us all. His demons create a workaholic. His take no shit/take no prisoners attitude allows him to climb over what ever obstacle is in his way to completing what he has set out to do. If you have ever seen the Rollins Band live, you know what I'm talking about, you can see it in his eyes. (I caught him one night with his band. Some drunk Utah hick was giving him shit. I swear to you, I thought Rollins was going to fly off that stage and kick that dude's ass. I don't know what that dude thought, but I thought with the way Rollins was swaying back and forth, unflinching, unblinking, saying in a low, calm voice, "You want some shit? MMM? You want some shit tough guy?" I thought for sure the guy was a walking corpse. I almost pee'd myself

and Rollins wasn't even talking to me...) Sorry, back to the purpose of this article. Books. Books are the purpose of this article. You can buy any of the books we are going to talk about at your favorite bookstores and possibly CD stores, (if they are hip enough), or you can order them directly from 2.13.61 Publications. That number is 1-800-992-1361.

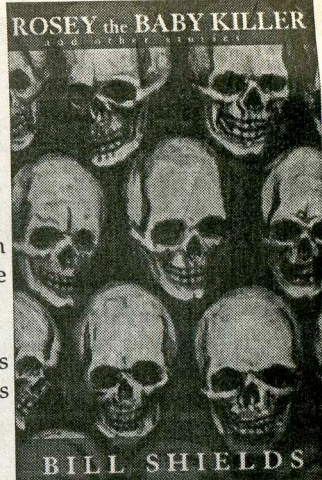
Any way, Rollins has just published a new book. It's called *The First Five; The Collected Work of Henry Rollins from 1983-1987*. . The title refers to the first five books Henry published. The first five books are now condensed into one volume with one low price. The first five in order are, *High Adventure in the Great Outdoors*, *Pissing in the Gene Pool*, *Bang!*, *Art To Choke Hearts* and *One From None*.

All of these books touch on journal entries, observations, poems and short stories by Rollins. Most of them were written on the road. A lot of it is honest, unapologetic introspection. This is how Rollins exorcises his demons. He writes and he writes and he writes. I think Henry describes this book best, you can find this quote on the back cover of *The First Five*. "Comrade, you hold in your hand *The First Five*, a wood pulped fist of screaming fury. A densely packed tome to keep the blood thin and the mind clear when enduring a long night of solitary refinement. Don't hitchhike solo on the highway to the great Abyss. No need to sail alone through the stormy sea of your self-pity. When you need to wallow in the mire of your existence with a fellow self-obsessed insomnia-ridden megalomaniac and your friends no longer pick up the phone when you call, reach for this book." Speaking words to your very soul, Amen brother! \$20 plus postage.

ROSEY THE BABY KILLER AND OTHER STORIES BY BILL SHIELDS.

Bill Shields was trained as a Navy SEAL and did three tours of duty in Vietnam. For his service during the war, he was awarded the Navy Cross and two Purple Hearts. Shields has three daughters, one of which died from leukemia as a result from chromosomal damage due to his exposure to Agent Orange in Vietnam. This is his fourth book for 2.13.61 Publications.

Bill Shields pulls no punches. I've never met the man, but I've got no question he is tough as hell. He is brutally honest. Shields has seen things in real life that Wes Craven



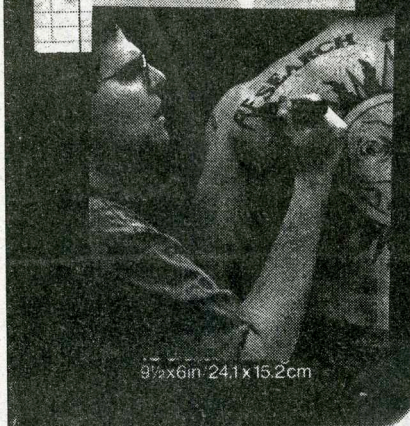
only has wet dreams about. Come to think of it, I wish Shields could take Craven by the hand and take him sludging through the carnage and shit he has had to wade through. It would give 'ole Wes baby a whole new meaning to *Scream*. Like I was saying, this guy is brutally honest. This stuff is probably not for the squeamish. But it is for those people who question our existence. It's for those people who like to experience things vicariously. It's for all of those people, like yourself, who live along the Wasatch Front and want to see life from a different view, perspective, and angle. Do you think the truth is pretty? Do you think reality and honesty can be glossy, clean and suburbia neat? The truth is ugly and reality is the color of blood puddling on the ground at your feet. I say, walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Check out *Rosey the Baby Killer* and other stories from Bill Shields. \$10.00, plus shipping.

LETTERS TO ROLLINS BY R.K. OVERTON

Probably the funniest book from 2.13.61 Publications. I laughed, I cried, I called my friends and quoted them excerpts from this book. I can't really explain why, but this is my sort of humor. Mr. Pink and I sat around one afternoon at SLUG HQ and read some of these letters to each other and just laughed our asses off. There are two versions of how this book came into existence. One is fabricated, and one is the truth. I'll tell you my favorite version, then you buy the book, read it, and draw your own conclusions. R. K. Overton was put in charge of all the mail floating through

R.K. OVERTON

LETTERS TO ROLLINS



9 1/2 x 6 in / 24.1 x 15.2 cm

Henry's P.O. Box for one year. Overton reads Henry's mail and on the side stashes away the really wack-O letters. Pretty soon, this book of letters surfaces. The people who write the letters are as funny as the letters themselves. My favorites, Butch the Oreo King, the little boy Timmy and Steve "Battle Ship" Potempkin. Overton has some of his own letters in here as well. Overton is way intelligent and has got way too much free time on his hands. This book is going to set you back about 12 clams, but the purchase is a no brainer. Get a credit card, any credit card will do, Mom's, Dad's, girlfriend's,

whatever, go to the phone, dial up that 1-800 number and order this book. You will thank me for it in the morning, believe me.

OK kidz, it's a rap! 2.13.61 Publications, that number again is 1-800-992-1361. Watch for the June issue of SLUG, we will be talking about more books from 2.13.61 Publications. We'll be discussing writers Don Bajema, Joe Cole and Rollins, (again!) We'll also talk about one of my all time favorite books from

Pressure Drop Press out of San Francisco, California, so stay tuned!

And oh, BTW...Henry-I just wanted to let you know I love my hunter orange, 2.13.61 Publications/I'm a Freak Touch Me T-shirt. When ever I wear it in really crowded places, I get the funniest reactions, especially from the females...It drives 'em wild! (I don't think they read and/or get the part that says 1,000 ways to die #499). Oh well, let them think what they want!

—Royce

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Published, somewhere, monthly since July 1991. The Outsight Web site is <http://www.detroitmusic.com/loutsight>.

Email outsight@bigfoot.com.

A BOX OF RAIN

Knitting Factory Records (74 Leonard St., NY NY, 10013) purchased the entire Shimmy Disc catalogue. Among the fine titles in that roster are those by Bongwater. Beside issuing all Bongwater releases on CD, Knitting Factory will put together a box set. Kramer, record producer, former Shimmy Disc head and half of Bongwater,

has a solo CD out on Knitting Factory, as well...

DEFINITELY NOT EASY LISTENING

The 15th Festival International de Musique Actuelle happens in Victoriaville, Quebec May 14 to 18. Unusual and challenging forms of music will be explored through twenty-six concerts. Festival regular John Zorn conducts new octet works; experimental Czech project Pavel Fajt & Pluto make an appearance; Montreal turntable artist Martin Tetreault appears again; contemporary free jazz outfit Matthew Shipp Trio performs and in The Ex, Mike Patton (Faith No More, Mr. Bungle) premieres with members of Zorn's octet. For more info, contact

FIMAV at 819-752-7912 or fimav@cdebf.qc.ca...

DON'T GET CAUGHT

Grassroots organization M.U.S.I.C. (Musicians United for Strong Internet Copyright) includes names big and little. The group supports protection of music on the Internet and ratification of the World Intellectual Property Organization's (WIPO) treaties. For more info, get hold of Joel Flatow at 800-223-2328...

ONE THE EDGE

The release of PRECIPICE RECORDINGS VOL. 1 marks the beginning of a new label. Included on the sampler are Chainsuck, Love Spirals Downwards, G.L.O.D. and more. Precipice Recordings has the simply stated goal of "putting out various bits of underground pop/punk and electronic music that we think has merit." My crystal ball also sees more compilations in the Precipice future with "some sort of deranged theme." Expect full-length summer releases from Shoong and Claire Voyant. Both bands are on VOL. 1. The label is run by former Projekt Records publicist Patrick Ogle (773-235-8013; POB 146636, Chi. IL, 606314)...

BEAT OF ANOTHER LABEL

RAS Records president Gary Himelfarb and label manager Mark Dickinson form Beatville Records (POB 42462, Wash. DC, 20015) for Ska and "other musical beats." The pair shares past professional associations with Lee "Scratch" Perry, Mad Professor, Israel Vibration and more. They also worked on two children's reggae comps. The label plans to be very aggressive in the signing of new Ska talent. Beatville already is in touch with independent national distributors and various international distributors. The label's premier release is Eastern Standard Time's SECOND HAND. This group is an amalgamation of Ska, jazz, soul and Caribbean rhythms and has had local press coverage as well and attention on MTV...

BIG BROTHER ENDORSES DVD

DVD stands, variously for Digital Video or Digital Versatile Disc. The format is available in Asia, here and beginning to get into Europe. A super hi-fi version of this recording format should be available in 1999.

Audiophiles may begin to salivate at the thought of a new level in recording quality crossing over into audio too. But, consider this, a DVD-video bought in Europe will not play on a USA player any more than a VHS tape here will play on a videocassette player there. And, it gets worst. The world is divided into six zones due to the manufacturer's proprietary Regional Coding systems. No dual-zone players are legitimately available. There is also no reason to expect the technology would be less balkanized for audio. In fact, it may be more so. The new 1998 version of DVD, Divx, is a pay-per-play system. The largest electronics retail chain in the nation, Circuit City, is part of the Divx operating consortium. Divx videos are to be sold cheaply or given away and then a charge is made over a phone line for each viewing. The Divx patent already covers the same payment system for audio CDs. Panasonic, Zenith, Disney, Dreamworks, Paramount and Universal are some big players behind pushing this format...

REVIEWS

The Derek Trucks Band THE DEREK TRUCKS BAND Landslide

The Derek Trucks Band is a quartet of younger guys that is making some serious statements post-fusion mixture of jazz and rock. They are not afraid to wax lyric over a few bars of classic jazz, nor are they diffident to wailing, guitar-led rock exhibitions. This is the debut album of an exciting project centered in name around eighteen-year-old guitar "wunderkind" Derek Trucks. Even a casual listening to the album reveals that Trucks has no monopoly on talent in the group. The other two anchors for the dynamic and impressive display here are Bill McKay (vocals, Hammond B-3, Wurliitzer and Roland electric piano) and alter-



Brand New Upcoming Full Length CD
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FRIDAY, MAY 15th

in Logan

MONDAY, MAY 18th

@ Zephyr* with Echo 7

FRI & SAT, MAY 29th & 30th

@ Lamars - Provo

*** A Private Club For Members**

nately supportive and interpretive drummer/percussionist Yonrico Scott. Trucks is nephew to Allman Brothers Band drummer and founder Butch Trucks. This obviously afforded Trucks the direction and inclination to picking up the guitar at the age of nine. His skills are obviously developed past what is typical for his age, but again the power and promise in the Trucks Band lies in the aggregate skill assembled. (4.5)

The Addrisi Brothers CHERRYSTONE Del-Fi Records

Teen crooners the Addrisi Brothers sing of love, love, love and work. (Buying milkshakes and charm bracelets for your girl requires some 9-5 activity.) This Italian brothers specialize in very tight harmonies hallmarking their guitar-led 50s rock originals. It is not far off the mark to identify the Addrisi as a more revved-up Everly Brothers. The collection is a combination of ballads, perky pop styles and dual-jet burners like the title track. While the duo may be sanitizing a more visceral rock-n-roll, they are only once removed from the fire and vastly make up for in talent what they may lack in 'raw energy.' It should be noted that these two penned "Never My Love," which was a big hit for The Association. That lets you know the level of songwriting to expect here. CHERRYSTONE brings together ten sides with unreleased tracks, demo and alternate versions. The booklet tells the entire story of the Brothers' career and includes a discography. (4)

Sax Gordon HAVE HORN WILL TRAVEL Bullseye Blues & Jazz/Rounder

Gordon is joined by guitarist Duke Robillard (backing Duke first brought Gordon recognition), bassist Marty Ballou, drummer Marty Richards and TomWest on piano and organ for a fun, fun, fun tenor sax-led exploration of mostly upbeat blues. Do not expect any showcase leads by any of the talented and well-known musicians, but do expect

swinging and smiling numbers further accelerated by several guest horn players. Mostly obscure blues and proto-soul gems are unearthed and polished up here. I say, skip right past the cheeky opening track and title number and get into the vibrant, lively mostly instrumental tracks that combine to make this CD one of the best ways to transmit condensed joy over speaker wire. (3.5)

Bad Manners HEAVY PETTING Moon Ska

What are we on now, the fourth generation of ska? Be what it may, the expanding trend brings many originators back into the limelight. Bad Manners are representatives of the English 2-Tone movement that gave us The Specials, Madness, Selecter and The Beat. Here, Bad Manners, exude the ska-grind and good humor that has kept them going for two decades. With a purposefully 'fat' sound from the sassy horns and rude vocals, Bad Manners offers the richest and most physical sound of most any ska outfit. Even if you only feel you need one ska album, note Bad Manners' unswerving dedication to their craft and their punchy individuality and make HEAVY PETTING your one steamy date with ska. (4.5)

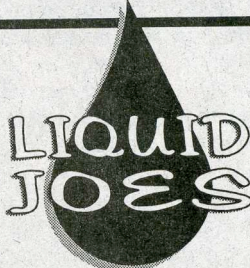
Perfume Tree FEELER World Domination

The amoebic music collective known as Perfume Tree has a core trio in Jane Tilley of the smoky voice, guitar and beat-meister Pete Lutwyche and thoughtful sound producer Bruce Turpin. FEELER, the group's fourth release, is a witching hour winddown of dulcet soothing to a still frantic heartbeat. The lively electronica background of percolating beats makes for fascinating contrast to Tilley's delicate emotive. The mix of effective, expressive vocals and subdued drum and bass is entrancing. Truly cosmic music of the

continued on pg. 22

Noise Craft Recording Studio

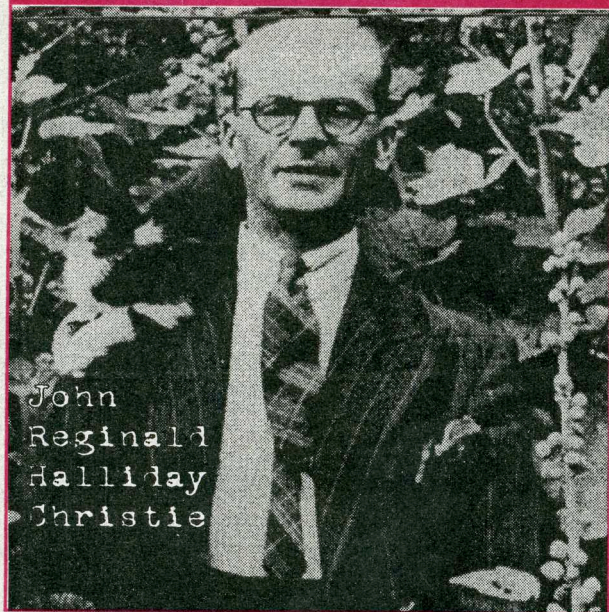
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MAY 13 W	MAY 14 Th	MAY 15 F	MAY 16 S
MARMALADE HILL	THE GIVEN	CHOLA W/ SIDEWALK RELIGION	SUN MASONS
MAY 20 W	MAY 21 Th	MAY 22 F	MAY 23 S
WE THE LIVING	SIDEWALK RELIGION	DISCO DRIPPERS	DISCO DRIPPERS
MAY 27 W	MAY 28 Th	MAY 29 F	MAY 30 S
SUN MASONS	SLAPDOWN	CORK	ELBO FINN

SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



John
Reginald
Halliday
Christie

Serial killers tend to share two characteristics common to psychopaths. They have the ability to remain completely calm under intense and stressful situations. They can also appear to be so completely normal, that no one not even a highly trained investigator would suspect a person with such an outwardly dull facade as the culprit of hideous and dark crimes. Certainly John Reginald Halliday Christie possessed both of these characteristics, and cunningly used them over the span of approximately 10 years to kill 7 women and one of the victim's infant daughter. At the end of a decade of killing when 10 Rillington Place was searched and remnants of bodies were found in the walls, under the floor, in alcoves, and in the garden the house became so synonymous with terror that it was renamed to Ruston Mews.

Christie, as many serial killers do, had an unpleasant upbringing. One of seven children John was frequently beaten and humiliated by his father, and complained that his sisters were always bossing him around. Outwardly, he appeared normal. He was good at school, and mechanical handiwork. He was also a choir boy and a boy scout.

As an adolescent he failed his first attempt at sexual intercourse, and was

tagged by his peers as "Can't Do-It Reggie" From that point on he preferred watching women from afar. Though he was quite sure he had the sex appeal of French film star Charles Boyer, and claimed that women were constantly chasing him.

At 17 he was caught stealing and his father banned him from the house. He wandered as a vagrant and eventually joined the army. After Christie was released from the army in 1919 he spent many days in the underworld of British society and many days in jail for theft, obtaining money by false pretenses, larceny, car theft, and clubbing a prostitute with a cricket bat.

During World War II, desperate for able bodied workers Christie applied

for a job as a special police constable. At that time police were not checking records of applicants and Christie was hired. In his fourth year on the force Christie committed his first murder. The victim was a 21 year old prostitute whom he had met during his rounds. He waited until his wife went to visit her parents and invited the young woman to his home. By his account they had sex and he strangled her during the act. She was carried out to the back yard and buried.

About a year later he quit the force and went to work at a radio factory. There he met his next victim, Murial Eady. She was not a prostitute she simply suffered from bronchial inflammation. Christie told her he had a remedy for it and invited her over for tea. The mechanically handy Christie had devised a gadget, a supposed inhaler for the suffering Eady that was hooked up to a kitchen gas outlet. When Eady became dizzy, he tied her up, raped her and strangled her. She was also put in the garden. This murder seemed to satisfy Christie for awhile, and he paused.

In 1948 he saw opportunity to resume murdering. He acquired new neighbors. Timothy Evans, 23, and illiterate, mildly retarded laborer and his pregnant wife, Beryl. After the child was born Christie noticed that the couple were starting to have marital difficulties. Beryl, pregnant

again and very unhappy with her situation allowed Christie to help her with an illegal abortion.

During the abortion he beat her, raped her and strangled her. When Timothy arrived, Christie told him that she had died due to complications during the illegal operation and convinced him that they were partners in this obscene murder. Evans tortured by guilt confessed to the murder of his wife. Christie

not sure of what to do with the motherless infant killed her as well and buried her with Beryl. As the investigation progressed and as Beryl was unearthed, Evans was shocked to find his child dead as well. Christie had led

Evans to believe that his child would be taken care of until he could manage the task. He was sure that Christie had murdered his child but the case had grown complicated. Christie was questioned but denied all knowledge of the abortion, murder, or anything else. Timothy Evans was hanged at Pentonville Prison for two murders he never committed.

For three years after the narrowly escaped murder of Beryl and child, Christie did not kill. The next murder after the three year dry spell would be his wife. He left her body in bed for three days and then put her body in the living room under loose floorboards. Within a month he lured another

prostitute named Kathleen Maloney to his notorious residence at Rillington Place. That night he gassed with another devised contraption some have called the killing chair, a lawn chair with a gas tube underneath. After she was dazed, he killed and raped her. Her body was stuffed into a small alcove behind a movable cupboard. A few days later another prostitute, Rita Nelson, met the same fate. His last victim, Hectorina MacLennan also died under similar circumstances.

Eventually Christie moved from his home and silently disappeared for awhile. A tenant that occupied 10 Rillington Place after his disappearance was trying to put up brackets to mount a radio and noticed a hollow space behind the wall. When he removed the paneling he found Hectorina. After the entire house was searched a manhunt began to find Christie. Finally he was found and arrested while staring over a bridge on the Thames. He was placed in Brixton Prison, the same one that had once held Evans and was led to the gallows where he was hanged by the neck until dead.

—St. Mad Raven

TOP TEN SERIAL KILLER PET PEEVES

- 10 Police composite sketches that make you look ten years older than you really are.
- 9 Hefty bags that leak.
- 8 When you're hoping for a cool nickname like "Zodiac" or "Midnight Madman" and media gives you nickname "Tubby"
- 7 Crummy Ginsu knives they sell on TV that claim to stay sharp forever.
- 6 When really expensive night vision goggles turn out to be just a scuba mask with red cellophane taped over glass.
- 5 When you're a really neat serial killer and you have to move in with a really messy serial killer.
- 4 When Marcia Clark refers to you as Mr. Simpson instead of OJ like everyone else.
- 3 Rarely seeing "Serial Killer Day" at Dodger Stadium.
- 2 When you finally meet somebody you really like, you always end up killing them.
- 1 Movie "Silence of the Lambs" not as funny as the book "When you find yourself falling into madness, dive!"



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OUTSIGHT

inner space. As opposed to being musicians in a studio playground, Perfume Tree are versatile composers with electronic vision. They are modern day ambient experimenters who write solid songs. Perfume Tree sends a tranquil soaking over you like the nighttime waters of a body temperature tropical ocean. The adjective "ethereal" may be correctly applied to the hypnotic melodies accompanying their pulsing rhythms. The fact that I just know found out about them and missed them at both of the last two SXSW conventions is something I am having great difficulty accepting. (5)

The Chrome Cranks LIVE IN EXILE Au-go-go

Gritty rock-hounds The Chrome Cranks fuse together a 60s Ann Arbor Stooges/MC5

Speedball Baby, etc. A dangerously swaying bridge between the two is formed. Caught in the galloping center it's too dangerous to move to either end, just hang on. These purveyors of horsepower blues have become veterans through not only keeping the Cranks in fifth gear for nine years, but also spending time in The Honeymoon Killers, The Action Swingers, Pussy Galore, Sonic Youth and more. It is easy to hear some of The Scientists on LIVE. The record pendulates between a gritty groove and a raucous rage. There is a definite raunch to the transmogrified blues and loose but blunt guitar work. Rock and its roots are dismembered and the frankensteins to tremendous effect. (3.5)

psychedelic blues with the rev of the new degeneration; The Blues Explosion,

Jere Stormer & The Loose Crayons AVAILABLE SPACE Adeg. Records

Stormer's AVAILABLE SPACE is a study in contrasting musical styles melded with smart delivery and a sense of humor. By track three, I traveled through musical lands populated by folk-pop fusion, country blues to find myself in the middle of something calmly Caribbean. The mood dips next for a lamentation on death at the post office. Still, Stormer largely avoids producing a patchy opus by inciting expectation in his variety and then exceeding even that. Several voices and instruments join in this celebration of Jere's eclectic songwriting. This increases the texture and distracts us from what is unfortunately dull sound production. Jere may be the musician of a thousand faces. (3)

Pure FEVERISH Mammoth

Pure is a Pete Drogelike singer fronting an indie rock

band that combines the best elements of Possum Dixon, The Presidents of the United States of America and Ben Folds. They rock, they're quirky, and they maintain a distinctive, worthwhile style while swimming in the same modern rock waters as numerous less notables. Maybe ensconced in Vancouver, British Columbia they are close enough to the American scene to want in the game, but not close enough to be infected with its mediocrity. Their sound is a lot about low-end and fuzz, a deep mix running thicker than the treble swirl of their peers. (3)

Cledus T. Judd DID I SHAVE MY BACK FOR THIS? BMG/Razor & Tie

Redneck comedian and singer Cledus T. Judd ("no relation") is 're-e-e-al proudlike' in his mountainboy persona. Cledus suggests the attitude "I am a redneck because I..." His novelty, faux-country/hillbilly numbers have all the trappings of a stock studio sound. But, hey, so do some of the greatest

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Patsy Cline recordings. Songs like "First Redneck On The Internet," "Every Bulb In The House Is Blown" and the title track are real howlers. Cledus' typified stereotypical regionalism, chauvinism and celebration of the lo-brow are certain to excite funnybones all over the country. (2.5)

Hipster Daddy-O & The Handgrenades
ARMED AND SWINGIN'
Slimstyle Records

Yet, another fall-following after the swing craze, I recommend ARMED as an excellent asset for spicing up your own neo-swing tape comps more than for full-length listening. First, skip right over the hokey intro on track one. Every other track is equally better. Very equal. Thanks to a near total lack of confident and exciting solos and a consistency of tempo and underlying rhythm. Everyone is a scorcher let loose with machine-gun repetition, until you are burned out. Get your 30s/40s theme party to a fever pitch, throw on a couple of these tracks, and then put it away. (2.5)

The Mulchmen
LOUDER THAN DIRT, THICKER THAN MUD!
Big Beef Records

Fuzzy, distorted instrumentals sometimes inflamed with theremin make up LOUDER. Rather than the slick, clean guitar sound of those inspired by surf and 50s rock, this vocal-less outfit finds gems in the grit covering Link Wray, Travis Wammack and the like. Their loose surf/rockabilly pieces should win them praise from those that collect Man or Astroman? records or those that spend their spare cash on old Duane Eddy singles. This is the debut full-length from a fiery group that already attracted the attention of guitarist Eddie Angel (Los Straitjackets, Spinout Records). This Dayton trio needs neither tide for their muddy music nor beaches for their bombast. (3.5)

Dadawa
VOICES FROM THE SKY
Sire

Singer Dadawa exhibits

an angelic voice in incarnating the moving compositions of He Xuntian. The entire month was spent in going to sleep to these seven tracks. Dadawa is said to be a "superstar" in her native China, and if this is so she may be the most talented and moving pop star in any country. The styles and intentions here draw heavily from the spiritual and cultural wealth of Tibet. Electronic and acoustic instrumentation is seamlessly woven together as a supportive showcase to her vocal talent. It is a warm bliss that exudes from every piece presented. (5)

STYLUS COUNCIL

Various Artists

SELECTIONS FROM WE WILL FALL: THE IGGY POP TRIBUTE
Royalty Records

Side A of this 7" takes the 'awakenest' most Stooge worthy cut from WE WILL FALL and follows it with the most interpretative and liberal cover from that collection. Specifically, we have Pansy Division with "Loose" and Blondie's Adolph's Dog doing "Ordinary Bummer."

Interestingly, Adolph's Dog guitarist Chris Stein produced the ZOMBIE BIRDHOUSE album holding the original of that song. The B-Side is a lengthy, unreleased Joan Jett & The Blackhearts version of "I Wanna Be Your Dog" elevating that catharsis to psychodrama. My, has Joan not carried wheelbarrows of credibility undiminished since her days with The Runaways? And, doesn't she look just great in recent pictures? But, be prepared for the sexy then rude photos of Iggy on the disc. Talking of rude, wait until you see Mike Diana's cover art. (4)

Brian Jonestown Massacre
THIS IS WHY YOU LOVE ME Bomp!

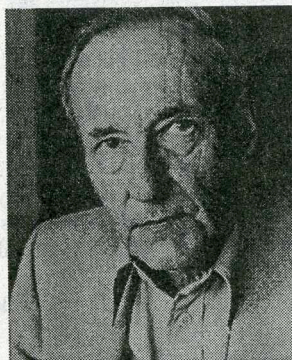
Showing their influence by Love and British psychedelia, BJM releases a four-sing 12" single. This is the second in a series. "Courtney Taylor," a track otherwise unavailable, is especially Syd Barrett-ish and continues a spirited exchange with The Dandy Warhols. BJM is a highly pure conduit for '67 styles and

ideas. (4)

MC5
"Looking At You" b/w
"Borderline"
Alive/Total Energy

Here is a thirtieth anniversary edition reissue of the MC5's 1968 7". The single was reissued from the master tapes themselves and even Gary Grimshaw's hand-drawn artwork is reproduced. Listening solely to these two sides could

invite heated debate as to whether the MC5 were punk or rock. Side A is very punk, the other could be Blue Cheer meets Hawkwind. Historical interest aside, this is definitely not for the faint at heart. (3)



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CD REVIEWS *We're Only In It For The Money*

The Bassholes Long Way Blues/1996-1998 Matador



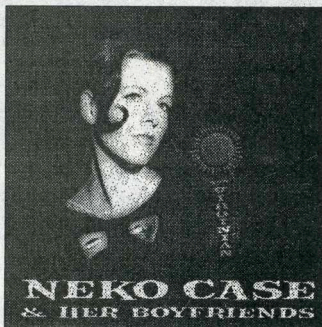
BASSHOLES/LONG WAY BLUES/1996-1998

Just give me Matador all day and all night. The title song is about as far removed from the world of white yuppie blues middle class American's slurp up like a vegetarian pizzas as Erik Clap On's current mush is from his days with John Mayall. White boys can play the blues and the scholars who claim the blues and hillbilly are totally separate genres are only scholars. The recording is not slick because the blues are not slick. Certain elements of the fabled garage enter the picture and lyrics such as "I'm passed out on my grass," remind me of a summer night spend snorting coke and drinking vodka. The title is "Knocked Out On My Lawn." Electric boogies are combined with acoustic country and echo is a factor. The Bassholes are so steeped in the blues that they bring on a "fife" for "Joan Dark." If there was a song with a banjo I'd probably wet myself. "Ass Welt Boogie" is a title to remember. For a second I thought Hound Dog Taylor had been resurrected to remind everyone about distortion. The CD cover exposes breasts too.

The Revenants Artists and Whores !Epiphany!

The last thing !Epiphany! sent was Yoko Love. That was not a good disc. Before that it was the Beat Angels. All, or at least most, of the Beat Angels songs are about cheap drunks, cheap drugs, cheap whores and trailer park love. The girls are all tarts and the boys are all heavy alcohol abusers. Thus it comes as no surprise to find The Revenants on !Epiphany!. "That Girl's Insane," "Light At The End Of The End Of The Bottle," "Every Single Minute With You Is Like A Minute Alone" and "Even Hookers Say Goodbye" are a few of the most interesting song titles. The final song, "Prodigal Son," is a true tear jerker and the hidden track is a cover of Jody Reynolds' "Endless Sleep" all done up in Elvis fashion. Al Casey is the most famous of several guest artists sitting in with the Revenants for the recording. What we have here is classic honky tonk with classic country western clichéd lyrics from a band that cannot be serious about it all. Instead of crying in the beer laugh until the tears flow if it is possible to find a bar with *Angels And Whores* in the jukebox. Barflies of whatever sex can dance all night because the beat of the Revenants is perfect for swing or waltzing. Burt's and Spanky's both need to search out a copy.

Neko Case & Her Boyfriends The Virginian Bloodshot Records



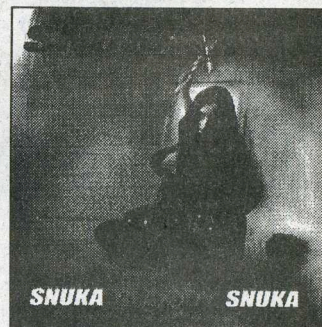
What kind of band covers "Bowling Green" and titles a CD *The Virginian*? It's one of them new fangled country rock bands. Neko Case has a pleasing voice with the ability to graze the sideburns with a near yodel and a full on hiccup. The voice is pretty cool and more than anything Case is reminiscent of Lara Jones. That could be one reason Bloodshot hasn't snatched Atomic Deluxe out of Salt Lake City obscurity. The trick to the album is the songs, the songs are superbly written, but more than the songs are the boyfriends. Brian Connelly is the guitarist for every song. John Reischman is present on mandolin for five of the 12 songs and both step out with impressive solos. Connelly's solo in the middle of "Jettison" is so vintage and echo drenched that it's a wonder a digital format can handle the music. "High On Cruel" has Carolyn Mark on backing vocals, more of Connelly and Reischman doesn't attempt to blow the house down with speed, he's a restrained, mandolin cat. The cat in heat tune is "Karoline," a honky tonk rather than rockabilly bit of whoopin' and hollerin'. Reischman is back for the waltz, "Lonely Old Lies," Matt Murphey joins up for the actual hiccuping number and once again don't be misled, it isn't rockabilly, the title says, "Honky Tonk Hiccups." *The Virginian* is a country disc, but rather than dismiss it from the pages of SLUG due to bias from above I'll embrace it for the impeccable production, Case's vocals, the strength of the songs and the talents of the backing "boyfriends. Case promises her grandmother that she'll do a George Jones song next time in the liner notes and that's punk enough for me. Search this CD out!

George Jones It Don't Get Any Better Than This MCA Nashville

Call it an amazing coincidence or a tragic trick of

fate that George Jones' latest album was released the same day Tammy Wynette died. The disc opens with "Wild Irish Rose," a song about a Vietnam Veteran with, you guessed it, a half empty bottle of Wild Irish Rose. The opening number is so honky tonk and tragic that I cracked open a cheap pint myself before continuing. Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, Bobby Bare, Hargus "Pig" Robbins, Wayne Toups and Pete Wade are all over the CD. The presence of The Nashville String Machine cannot detract from the hard-core country nature of the disc. Those among us who hate country music have never listened to George Jones. "It Don't Get Any Better Than This" can't compete with "White Lightning" or "The Race Is On," but I'll take it over any platinum selling song out there. Get your own pint of cheap whiskey and some lines of crystal meth. Turn on *Cops* with the sound off, this CD playing and get all fucked up just like George Jones was back in the '60s. George knows what's up because he closes with the gospel.

Snuka Snuka Bloody Snuka Double Deuce Records



Snuka played in Provo and supposedly the vocalist, Chloe Sweeny, shoved a microphone right up her ass. The city fathers are worried about pasties and G-strings and right down the street a female shoves a microphone up her ass! How come we don't get these shows in Salt Lake City? The CD is minimalist garage

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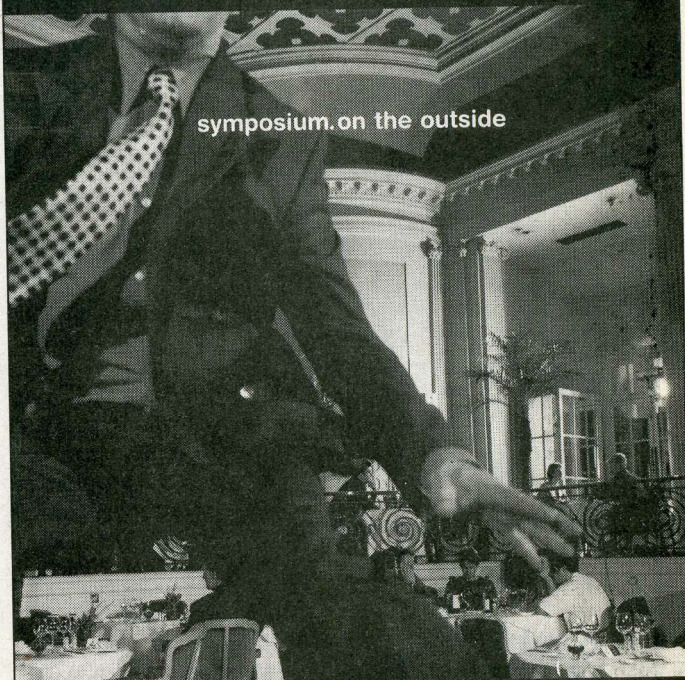
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Slug

punk. Play Chuck Berry really fast, mix it up with a few metal clichés, some posing, a whole host of buzz-saw riffs, add a drummer with more energy than technique, teach the bassist the rudiments and feature the female on vocals. Sing about DUI's, lack of food, not being able to pay the rent and don't ever forget that in this society the female is the only one capable of earning sufficient wages. The males are all out looking for another woman, a woman with a better paying job. That's life. Find a stripper who can sing, shove microphones up her ass and start a band. Snuka is that band and they're good for a big, fat living room destroying eviction notice mess. You're fucking up again and again and again and again. If fucking up again and again is a description of your sordid life then *Snuka Bloody Snuka* is the soundtrack to view the self-produced video by. "Fuck, fuck is what I want to do."

Jimmy Page and Robert Plant
Walking Into Clarksdale
 Atlantic



They don't sound like Led Zeppelin anymore.

Moonshine Willy
Bastard Child
 Bloodshot Records

With the third album Moonshine Willy has fully evolved into a folk/bluegrass band. The rough edges that made *Pecadores* and *Bold Displays of Imperfection* such lovable recordings are gone. Mike Luke sticks to bass and background vocals. *Bastard*

Child features only one duet. George Goehl's mandolin and Rachael Ferro's violin are high in the mix, but the instruments never interfere with Moonshine Willy's main instrument – Kim Doctor's voice. Luke, Chris Ganey (drums) and Chuck Uchida (lead guitar) maintain the bounce. Uchida's electric guitar figures prominently throughout and he has the ability to mimic some trademark Luthor Perkins and weep like a peddle steel, but Doctor and her acoustic backing musicians are the obvious stars. Doctor wrote 11 of the 13 songs and she sings them all. The band covers the Human League and Black Oak Arkansas. Past Moonshine Willy albums, *Pecadores* and *Bold Displays of Imperfection*, flew by at a frenetic pace. The band has deep roots in punk rock and the music was a joyful experience of punk rock bluegrass. *Bastard Child* lacks the pace and the band risks alienating long-time fans who loved the wild nature of a Moonshine Willy song, but listen again and listen again and listen again. Doctor's new songs are more insightful on the subjects of love and life without an urban "white trash" anthem. There isn't a "You're The Reason Our Kids Are Ugly" anywhere on the disc. From the opening "Burn In Hell" through "The Learning Song," and all the way to "Always" Moonshine Willy plays lovely folk music with the emphasis fully on the lyrics and the acoustic instruments. Just when it seems that the band is determined to become the Nanci Griffith or Shawn Colvin of the "insurgent country" set "Nobody Wants To Die" arrives. An obscure number from Black Oak Arkansas' *Street Party* lp hardly seems appropriate for Moonshine Willy, but they drop the "Everybody Wants To See Heaven" and go with the parentheticals "(Nobody Wants To Die)" to make the song their own. "Passing Affair" is a splendid display of how

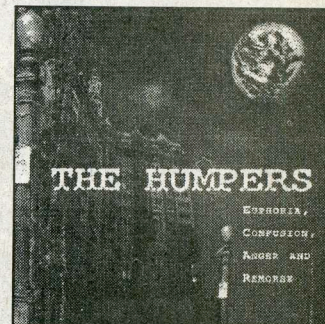
smooth the band is at present. The closer is Human League's "Don't You Want Me" dressed in a square dance outfit. Luke finally does the call and response with Doctor using heavily treated vocals and the band kicks into high gear. *Bastard Child* is a magnificent, genre spanning recording. The band will play live at Spanky's on May 9 and once again the acoustic music community is invited to change out of their stuffed shirts and view one of the tightest acoustic ensembles on the planet which also happens to feature an electric guitar and drums.

Thorazine
Vicious Cycle
 Hell Yeah

"In the beginning there was ROCK...then it got boring and stale. Then PUNK ROCK...kinda shook things up a bit. In time punk rock also became stale and boring. But thankfully, just when you think all is lost, there will come a group of leather-clad thugs pounding out three chords on dime-store instruments proving you don't need to be Emerson, Lake or Palmer to play wild rebellious PUNK rock and roll! Case in point—THORAZINE!" That's the press release. Jo-Ann Rogan is the lead vocalist and just like Snuka Thorazine is a garage punk band. If a female singing "See you moving, muscles pumpin'/Grind it baby, just can't take it/Brain on fire, Dirty Nasty sex," complete with wet slurping sounds attractive then it is and that's only the chorus. Other charming numbers such as "Dis-Town," "Slice The Vein" and "Jacob" fly by before Thorazine does punk rock doo-wop, the tune is "Food." Songs about bikes and sex are mixed with the typical takes on disenchantment. Thorazine doesn't plow any new ground. *Vicious Cycle* is a simple album of old fashioned punk rock. The attraction is how well the band does it and of course the female vocals. It's a mighty album and

the band will offer it all up live and in person at Spanky's on May 14. The show ranks right up there with Zeke and the Donnas in the punk rock sweepstakes of 1998. Spanky's is the place for the garage punk nation. It's too bad the repression of Utah society bans the under 21 from Spanky's because one dose of this and the skate rats would forget all about pop punk.

The Humpers
Euphoria, Confusion,
Anger and Remorse
 Epitaph



Epitaph released five garage punk CDs during the month of April. At most indie stores purchasing one or more of the discs entitles the buyer to a free copy of the *Roadkill* sampler. This Humpers' CD came out on April 21. Just like every garage punk CD I've reviewed in this marathon session the magic doesn't stop for one single second. The Humpers have a more tuneful take on the format than some others and Scott Drake is a singer not a screamer, but the Humpers don't play that sugary sing-along shit. Amazingly enough two of Epitaph's employees are guesting on the album. Gina Scalise sings background, most obviously on "Fucking Secretaries." This particular number is the Humpers in their New York Dolls mode. Andy Kaulkin is another famous Epitaph employee I'm sure others around the country know well. He contributes piano and organ. Scalise screams and moans in the background of "Devil's Magic Pants" and then

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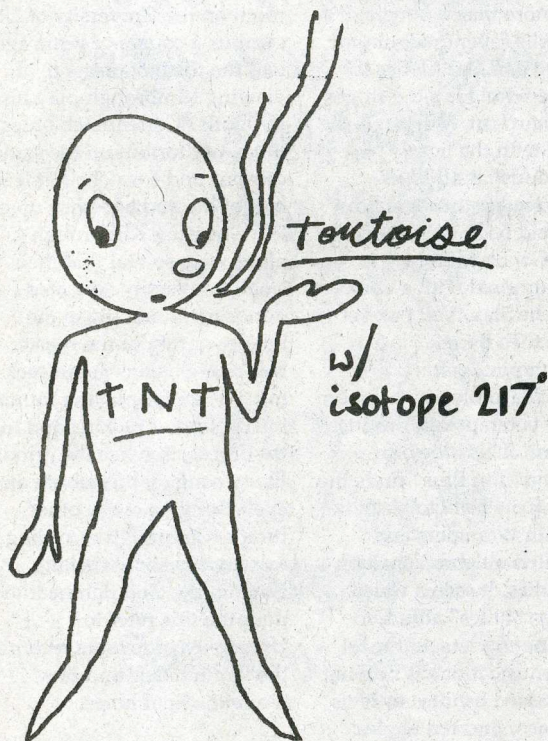
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CD REVIEWS *We're Only In It For The Money*

by God damn Jeff Turmes hauls out the saxophone for "Peggy Sue Got Married." Kaulkin's pounding the 88s, Turmes is squawking away and the Humpers have entered a garage rock heaven inhabited by the likes of Hi Fi and the Roadburners. Then by God the Humpers bring on the synthesized Gene Vincent clappers for "Ghetto In the Sky." Most "critics" believe that Elvis had the clappers, but it was really Gene and anyone believing in Elvis clappers "must be high." They must be building "ghetto's in the sky." "Ten Inches High" is the story of my life. Toss roots rock, the Stooges, the New York Dolls, the Gene Vincent clappers, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Sex Pistols and Joe Houston into a big vat and discover the Humpers grade A+ rock and roll.

Yo La Tengo Little Honda Matador

Yo La Tengo covers six songs in around 25 minutes and for a bargain price. If the Velvet Underground had ever covered "Little Honda" it might have sounded similar to Yo La Tengo's version. The version is so good that it deserves to be a hit all over again, but we all know about the state of the nation and the general public's taste in music. "Be Thankful For What You Got" is spy-movie-lounge, "NoReturn" is Mary Hopkins' in a lounge, "Black Hole" has folk-rock harmonizing with pure Yo La Tengo guitar. "How Much I've Lied" is weepy, country complete with Al Perkins on pedal steel and "By the Time It Gets

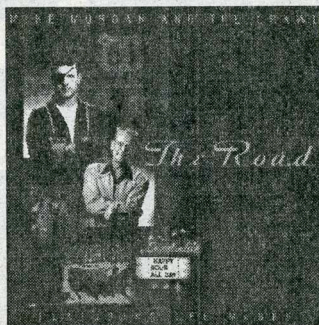
Dark" combines the folk-rock of "Black Hole" with the lounge of "Be Thankful For What You Got" and "No Return." There are certainly worse ways to spend the few dollars *Little Honda* costs and I can't think of many better uses for the money. One hidden track is "Little Honda" again, and again, the tune would sound great in a little Honda tuned to corporate radio. Fuzzed out, freaky, psychedelic guitars to make any drive pleasant. Things come to a close with a live, version of "We Are the Champions" in a lounge.

Mike Ireland & Holler Learning How To Live Sub Pop

Learning How To Live could well be the best CD Sub Pop releases in 1998. As the story goes Mike Ireland was in the Starkweathers, a band prepared for break-out status, when Ireland discovered that the Starkweathers' lead singer was having an affair with his wife. The songs on the album are the result of Ireland losing his home, his wife, his band and his best friend all at the same time. "House Of Secrets" begins the tale and the title needs no explanation. Actually, once the story is known, the album's title needs no explanation. The Revenants are a band playing the music and singing the drinking songs with a sense of humor. Ireland doesn't find his experience amusing. The songs describe one man's heartbreak and his struggle to continue living, the music is the sweetest damn country anyone could ever dream of hearing. If Ireland was only a back-up singer in the Starkweathers I'd really like to hear that other guy because Ireland's voice wears the songs like old shrink-to-fits. The band backs Ireland as if they'd played a thousand dates in blood-buckets with chicken wire surrounding the stage. I cannot believe that Ireland cover's Johnny Ray's "Cry."

The best way to sum the listening experience up is simple – don't allow the ears of anyone attempting sobriety while enduring the pain of a broken relationship to hear one song. They'll fall off the wagon and attempt suicide in the morning. I finally found something to equal the Deraliers and Wayne Hancock.

Mike Morgan and the Crawl The Road Black top



Mr. Morgan and his band the Crawl open with a boogie so tight that I thought I'd tuned into TNN for retro night. Too bad Wynonna can't make her buddy Kenny Wayne Shepherd boogie so hard. *The Road* is more than a boogie. It's the Crawl's seventh album for Black Top and Lee McBee is back! Lee who! He's the singer and the harp cat, Morgan is the guitarist with the licks. "No More Clouds" is all *Blues Brothers'* soul featuring a horn section and back-up singers, "You're Gonna Miss Me" is a Morgan original with a hook as deep as the Stax/Volt box-set and "Born To Boogie" is a piano pumpin', guitar humpin', harp blowin' barroom jam only veterans can produce. "Wino Jam II" is blue beat poetry and "I'm Blue" finds the band back on TNN to teach the fat butts in Wranglers and funny shirts all about shakin' their hinnies. It seems weird to compare a "blues" album to TNN's line dancers, but most country music today is nothing but half-assed tributes to Elvis, Chuck Berry and the Eagles. The proof is in the final two

numbers. Waylon Jennings and Chuck Berry receive a Morgan and the Crawl interpretation. "Cold Wind" is the only slow burner of the album.

Junior Kimbrough and the Soul Blues Boys Do The Rump HMG/High Water



David "Junior"

Kimbrough is dead, may God see fit to allow him through the gates of heaven despite his evil ways. The CD of interest contains a reissue of Kimbrough's second ever 45 rpm release and a live session recorded at the Rust College Recording studio. I had the distinct pleasure of meeting Kimbrough in a small smoke filled, beer stinking room on the University of Utah campus a couple of years ago. I had the distinct pleasure of viewing Kimbrough play his hypnotic "Cottenpatch blues" in an auditorium on the same campus and I watched at least half of the audience rise up and leave because Kimbrough's blues were so real that their small, university educated minds could not grasp the intense nature of the music. Kimbrough sings about fucking. His guitar playing mimics the rhythm of fucking and his rhythm section has the grind. Every song on this album and every song on every other Junior Kimbrough recording in existence is about fucking. What in the God damned hell does the title refer to? University professors recorded the damn music and they wrote the liner notes.

continued on pg. 34

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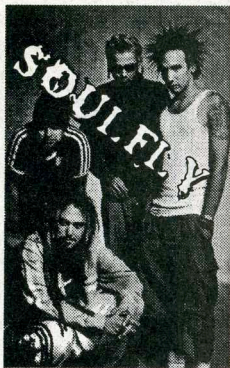
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chant heavy "Umbabarauma." If Soulfly can pull this off live they'll bring every patron in Bricks to the concert area for the best dance music they'll hear all night. "Quilombo" and "Fire" are both deafening and "Fire" gets the "dance" groove

going again on the break. A large number of the white funk bands currently touring the country need a lesson from *Soulfly*. "The Song Remains Insane" is all the title says. "No" has some of album's best lyrics, "No muthafucking Hootie & the Blowfish, No radio songs, No bow to none, No follow none, No politricks..., No judge me no, No fuck around, No trust no one, No criticize, No fake smiles, No bow to none, No follow none, No redneck shit, No!" "Prejudice" is part hippie reggae, part dancehall and part metal. "Karmageddon" is a percussion heavy instrumental that is more industrial, as the title predicts, than metal. Fittingly the hidden track is chants, percussion and hand claps. Sepultura broke up and Max's stepson, Dana Wells, died. The band Soulfly and the album of the same name came about during Max's healing process. *Soulfly* is one of the best albums I've heard this year and I say that knowing full well that others will disagree (Gianni). As Max says in the record label bio, "Of course people are gonna hear a resemblance to Sepultura, because it's my voice and I haven't changed my vocal style, and there's riffs and tribal things in there that continue the types of things I've done in Sepultura, but the album also goes beyond anything I've done before." In this case a great thing came out of tragedy.

The interview portion of this story isn't as complete as it should be and that's why I just reviewed the CD. The interview almost didn't take place. Max was holed up at a Comfort Inn in Cleveland and the "third party billing" instructions Sophie (Roadrunner publicist) gave me weren't acceptable to the telephone company. It wasn't her fault. By the time I called on my own dime most of the 30 minutes Max had set aside for me were expired and his wife Gloria nearly didn't let me talk to him. Soulfly's CD booklet has numerous stamps and postmarks throughout. What is the significance of the stamps? Max answers the question with these words, "It's all from the fans all over the world that's been

sending the mail for all years. It's kind of like everywhere we've been or the places where the music reached people. In a way Soulfly, the name also means the music flying and touching people all over the world. The stamps together with the lyrics, for me at least, represent the music going many different places."

Max was one of three speakers at New York's CMJ New Music Marathon and I asked him about his speech. "I was in a speech together with Moby and Marilyn Manson and I really thought I was there, in a way, representing our kind, the people that listen to heavy music. I thought it would have been good to talk about our music rather than act like rock star and go there and talk nonsense. I thought it would be cool to talk a little bit about how proud I am for being part of the heavy scene, that I've been for fifteen years. It's not a trend of the moment, it's not a flavor of the month, it's for real, it's my life. I think it's important for bands to work real hard at changing the image of heavy metal, heavy music. That it used to be about girls, car and sex, drugs and rock and roll and today there's much more to it. There's politics, there's racism. We became, bands like us, together with the punk scene and the hardcore became bands that can actually offer something to think about to the public." That was good, but I wanted Max to continue talking about why he does what he does and how he plans to promote himself and his message in a world that is falling apart to "Kiss The Rain." "I'm in a struggle and I'm kind of like one of those hard-headed people where I don't sell out, I will not give up my fight. That's why you won't see my music on normal radio like Metallica, you won't see my music on MTV, unless a miracle happens. That's not how I write my music for. I write for the fans, I continue, maybe it's going to take ten times longer to be as big as those bands, but that's not really the issue. That's not what I'm here for. It's not about just getting big, that's not my main intention. It's make music that's interesting, provocative, there is a nonconformity to it where I'm still attacking society, I'm still attacking what I think is wrong and needs to be attacked. Even though they don't play it on the radio they come to the shows. The shows are packed everywhere. They are out there. There's many, many millions of fans out there just waiting to see the concerts and talk to me. It's kind of like we don't even need the corporation, we find different ways to survive." Very nicely done! But there's more. "It's like a phase, a struggle you know. I

think it's growing. When I first started doing this, I played for example yesterday, I played Bogart's years ago for 20 people. Where I can play a sold-out tour, with Sepultura on the last tour, we even played a bigger venue. I don't know man, it's like we try what we can to make people pay attention what we saying. Whoever wants to pay attention, there's plenty of people that do, and there's plenty of people that don't care. They don't care, they want that Motl y Cr ie type band. They have that kind of band for them right now. It's up to the crowd. I compare a little bit to, in a different type of music, to Bob Marley, what he was trying to do with his music where it was really understood at first, but today you see he's bigger than ever. I believe the same thing will happen. It may take years, but one day more people will understand what I'm trying to do."

Now, how does Max plan to play this percussion heavy music live when there isn't a percussionist listed in the band? "I don't know if you've ever heard of Gil Scott-Heron? I met his percussionist in Holland. His name is Larry MacDonald and he's a great guy. He's from Jamaica and we ended up friends and he's going to do percussion. He's going to tour with me. It's awesome because the guys that played the album with me are busy in Brazil. They couldn't come for this part of the tour and I don't know. It's kind of more exciting for me to play with a Jamaican percussionist from a different kind of band like Gil Scott-Heron. It will bring even more to the live show than what people are probably expecting. I think it's going to be really awesome." How did Max meet the guys from the Deftones and Cypress Hill? "I've known the Deftones for many years. When they played Phoenix one of the first times when they didn't have an album out, I was introduced to them by Gloria's son Dana. He was a big influence on me as far as getting me to know the new bands. I knew them, I used to play a song called 'Engine #9' with them. I'd come on the stage and jam the song with them back then when no one knew them. That was really cool, I just had a good relationship with them. I've always been involved with new bands. As far as Cypress Hill, we met Bobo, the percussionist, in the studio. We never met him before. He came in with Mario Caldato, the producer of the Beastie Boys, they were friends, they worked together before. He's a really cool guy."

There's Soulfly. You thought it was all about "death metal" correct? What exactly is Gil Scott-Heron all about?

—Wa

A man takes the day off work and decides to go out golfing. He is on the second hole when he notices a frog sitting next to the green. He thinks nothing of it and is about to shoot when he hears, "Ribbit. 9 Iron"

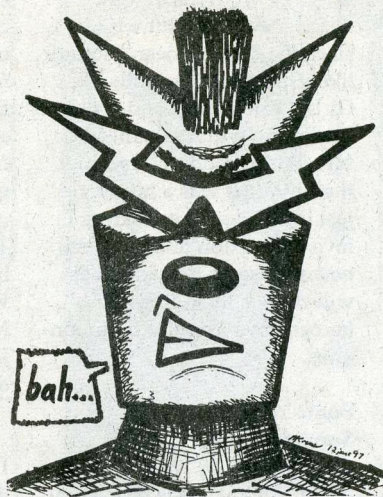
The man looks around and doesn't see anyone. "Ribbit. 9 Iron." He looks at the frog and decides to prove the frog wrong, puts his other club away, and grabs a 9 iron. Boom! he hits it 10 inches from the cup. He is shocked. He says to the frog, "Wow that's amazing. You must be a lucky frog, eh?" The frog reply's "Ribbit. Lucky frog." The man decides to take the frog with him to the next hole.

"What do you think frog?" the man asks. "Ribbit. 3 wood." The guy takes out a 3 wood and Boom! Hole in one. The man is befuddled and doesn't know what to say. By the end of the day, the man golfed the best game of golf in his life and asks the frog, "OK where to next?" The frog reply, "Ribbit. Las Vegas." They go to "Las Vegas and the guy says, "OK frog, now what?" The frog says, Ribbit Roulette."

Upon approaching the roulette table, the man asks, " What do you think I should bet?" The frog replies, "Ribbit \$3000, black 6."

Now, this is a million-to-one shot to win, but after the golf game, the man figures what the heck. Boom! Tons of cash comes sliding back across them table. The man takes his winnings and buys the best room in the hotel. He sits the frog down and says, "Frog, I don't know how to repay you. You've won me all this money and I am forever grateful." The frog replies, "Ribbit, Kiss Me." He figures why not, since after all the frog did for him he deserves it. With a kiss, the frog turns into a gorgeous 15-year-old girl.

"And that, your Honor, is how the girl ended up in my room."



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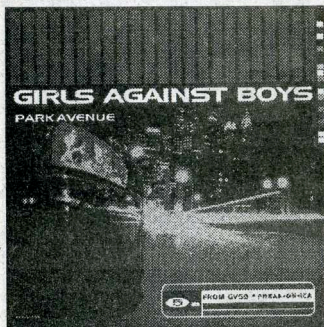
...Slug...

BB



I don't know why these individuals fail to grasp Kimbrough's emphasis. "Junior sings in a relaxed and soothing style over catchy mid-tempo dancing rhythms." Say what? "Hey now baby, let's do the rump... let's do it all over again...the rump, the rump, until broad daylight again." Mid-tempo dancing rhythms? The man sired 39 children with 17 different women for Christ's sakes. What in the hell do you think he was doing when he wasn't playing his guitar? He was either eating, drinking, playing the guitar or fucking. The end, period. "I done got old, I can't do the things I used to do." I don't need a degree to tell me what he can't do anymore. If fucking all night sounds like a good idea place *Do The Rump* in the "system," press repeat and git after it.

Girls Against Boys



Park Avenue (Single) Geffen

This was certainly a long time coming. Breathy vocals over synthesizers and the edge is certainly going to break Girls Against Boys through to platinum success. For some reason "Park Avenue" doesn't sound like a

hit single from the biggest decade of the one hit wonders since the '70s. It doesn't sound like a hit at all. It sounds like Girls Against Boys and if this catches on with the airheads tuned into "modern" radio then *Airheads* was a hit movie just like *Titanic*. As much as I love them I don't believe their new release on a major label will change them from "cult" heroes to Smashmouth millionaires.

Sonic Youth Sunday (Single) Geffen

Now this is nice. Sonic Youth as Velvet Underground meeting Bob Mould's pop craft while he was still in the closet and fronting Hüsker Dü. It's catchy as all hell, but just like Girls Against Boys, a career isn't built around one single and the Butthole Surfers success was a fluke. Another 10,000 to 20,000 units moved should keep them in house, home and recording contract. Watch for the baby to kick something out as popular as Jacob if the world is still around.

Pitchshifter www.pitchshifter.com Geffen

So I'm like going, you know, like this Pitchshifter band is totally original. They record for Geffen and they sound like some kind of Roadrunner/Nothing/Korn type of band. It ain't bad if that sort of music is of interest.

The Jesus Lizard Blue Capitol

Somehow the Jesus Lizard has managed to maintain both a major label contract and musical credibility. Everything moves along pretty smoothly until the Jesus Lizard arrives at "Eucalyptus." The band, or more specifically the bassist and the drummer stand locked behind chain-link fencing and grooving as if the world stood still. David Yow

completes the vocal portion as only he can and the guitarist is off in some never-never land of feedback. The captain orders all flight personnel to buckle up and passengers are forbidden from any movement. The oxygen masks drop down and the ride causes some to vomit. "A Tale Of Women" is hot and bothered and in need of "Cold Water," "And Then The Rain." My copy is an advance and the Jesus Lizard deserves a longer discussion after street date.

Wa

Dave Matthews Band Before These Crowded Streets RCA

Funny thing, they don't look like hippies. The new release from the Dave Matthews Band is fine as long as Dave Matthews keeps his mouth shut. Leroi Moore gives up more saxophone skronk on "Pantal Naga Pampa" than Grover Washington, Jr. has in his entire career. "Rapunzel" would be a cool, though insufferably drawn out, instrumental if Matthews wasn't "singing" his nonsense words throughout. The band has plenty of talent, but the Matthews fellow has to go. As if the band weren't good enough Bela Fleck, Tim Reynolds, Greg Howard and the Kronos Quartet are invited guests. I'm sure many frat boys and hippies are swaying, tripping and watching their various black light posters, lava lamps and other entrapments of psychedelic culture as Matthews continues the third world meditation experience - "Don't Drink the Water" can only have one meaning. "'Cause you're all dead now, I live with my justice, I live with my greedy need, I live with no mercy, I live with my frenzied feeding, I live with my hatred, I live with my jealousy, I live with the notion that I don't need anyone but me, Don't drink the water, There's blood in the water." Too many bong hits does that to a person and that bong water tastes like shit, doesn't

it? "Stay (Wasting Time)" sounds like any week night at the Dead Goat, a weekend at the Zephyr or David McLellan slipping up in search of an audience at Spanky's. White boy hippie funk complete with female background vocals. This music fills arenas and sells platinum? Shove a sock in Matthews' mouth and turn his band into a karaoke act. My fucking God! There's a reason lyrics to "Halloween" aren't included. Fuck the sock, just put the poor fucker out of his misery and don't even attempt the Tony Bennett "lounge singer" shit, Bill Murray did that years ago, he did it better and he was funny. Matthews is as pathetic as "Crush." Stick with the bong water, "Drink some wine until we get drunk" isn't a very good lyric in a lounge let alone a stadium. I made it to "Pig" before boredom overtook me. *Before These Crowded Streets* is "product" for the masses and I don't have time to waste listening to "product," I need music. Bring on the millennium because there is no intelligent life left on earth. The Dave Matthews Band will play at the Delta Center on May 21. Taj Mahal is opening and I'm leaving after the opening act.

Zippy the Pinprick

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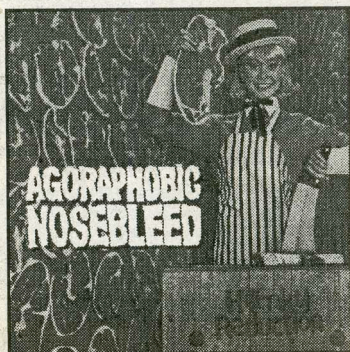
GARDY-LOO FEATURING EL DUCE Perverts On Parade Off The Records

Gardy-Loo Featuring El Duce, PERVERTS ON PARADE is the last recording for El Duce because he is dead. According to the bio, El Duce was a member of the band The Mentor's and somehow ended up living and jamming in Tampa with the band Gardy-Loo. I'm guessing you're supposed to take this release about as seriously as you would the majority of M.O.D. albums and if that's the case it's pretty funny. If not, then this album is just bad.

LORD BELIAL Enter The Moonlight Gate Death

1. This is pretty much the same song...
2. This is pretty much the same song...
3. This is pretty much the same song...
4. This is pretty much the same song...
5. This is pretty much the same song...
6. This is pretty much the same song...
7. This is pretty much the same song...
8. This is pretty much the same song done 8 times. GET THE IDEA?

AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED Honky Reduction Relapse



Agoraphobic Nosebleed's 26 track, 18 minute release HONKY REDUCTION is a blood soaked, speed/grind festival of sickness. Their name alone, coupled with song titles such as "Filthy Murder Shack", "Clawhammer And An Ether Rag", "Torn Apart By Dingos", and "Hat Full Of Shit" are all the clues I need that lead me to the conclusion that these boys need counseling - and fast. Also, throw in 24 hour surveillance on their

daily activities for public safety. Agoraphobic Nosebleed is Scott Hull (guitars, bass, drum programming) and Jay Randall (vocals). Scott's rhythm guitar playing is impressive for as extreme a release as HONKY REDUCTION is, but the lightning speed of his drum programming is something that everyone should behold.

BLOOD DUSTER STR8 Outta Northcote Relapse

One of Australia's hottest exports, Blood Duster is releasing their first "true" full-length album, STR8 OUTTA NORTHCOTE. The band put YEEST out in '96 but that was actually a combination of two Australia-only released mini CDs. STR8 OUTTA NORTHCOTE is a little more subdued than the stuff on YEEST. The band has incorporated more of a southern rock vibe to their music and the songs are a little more structure oriented. Lyrically, I can't compare the two albums because the lyrics weren't printed in the cover of the new CD.

SACRED STEEL Reborn In Steel Metal Blade

It was the best of CDs, it was the worst of CDs....It was the worst of CDs.

DIO'S INFERNO: LAST IN LIVE Mayhem

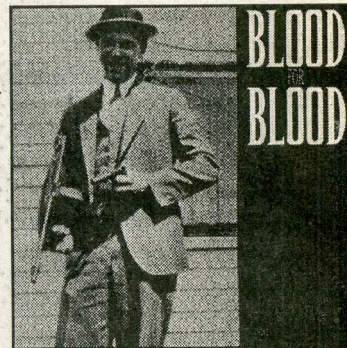
DIO!! DIO!! DIO!! INFERNO: LAST IN LIVE is a double live CD of Ronnie James Dio doing songs from his career that has spanned twenty-something years. It's hard to believe that Dio's first album, HOLY DIVER came out fifteen years ago. If my calculations are correct, that's over half a lifetime - for me any-



way. Besides having one of the coolest voices in the history of metal, Dio has been responsible for discovering some damn fine guitarist - Vivian Campbell, Craig Goldy, and as far as I'm concerned got some of the best work out of what Iommi had to offer. I'll admit, to the horror of some, Black Sabbath was never better than when Dio was in the band. There, I've said it. It was HEAVEN AND HELL, released in 1980, that made me realize there was a world of music beyond KISS. Good thing too, because KISS's music pretty much went down the crapper soon after that.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD Revenge On Society Victory

Put away the humanitarian awards away, this is Blood For Blood we are talking



about. This is the MOST pissed off band you will ever hear. REVENGE ON SOCIETY will be a delight to any misanthropes we have out there, myself included. Blood For Blood's lyrics are a kick to the face of society, and the harsh musical background they provide fits in perfectly. If you're an outsider or one of the despised, hated, or feared, then this is for you. If I didn't already have this CD, I'd be running to the nearest music store for it. "I wanna piss on the ashes of your twisted world. I wanna watch

the whole fucking thing burn, burn, burn. Because all I have is hate for our twisted world and when it falls I'll die laughing...Because an enemy of man is what I am and when the end comes you'll hear me laughing." ("Die Laughing")

PRIMAL FEAR
Primal Fear
Nuclear Blast



- they didn't actually cover any Priest songs on their debut CD, PRIMAL FEAR. I don't care how talented these guys are, and they are pretty damn good musicians, but this is the most blatant

case of a band ripping off another band's style that I've ever heard. Being that I haven't heard the last couple of Priest albums (They lost me when they got into that "TURBO" crap"), if someone told me this was a Priest album I would have totally believed them. I wonder if singer Ralf Sheepers realizes that in about ten years he will have to quit Primal Fear, turn gay and start an industrial band?

This is the best Judas Priest cover band I've ever heard. The only thing is

NEUROTICA
Seed
NMG

This is one of the best hard rock CDs I've heard in a long time. I'm glad it's good because I've been waiting a long time for it. A few years ago when one of my favorite bands, Atheist broke up I heard that vocalist/guitarist Kelly Shaefer was forming this band. SEED was released on April 7th and was produced by AC/DC vocalist Brian Johnson. Johnson even does guest backing vocals on the CD's opener "Deadly Sin". If you too were a fan of the band Atheist, don't be expecting to hear that type of metal from Neurotica. About the only thing the two bands have in com-

mon is the fact that once again Shaefer has assembled a great group of musicians. Despite the very different natures of each band, Shaefer's strong vocal performance would make you think that he's been making music like this throughout his entire career. Neurotica blends a classic, time-tested feel with the talent and unique musical vision offered by each member of the group.

AMON AMARTH
Once Sent From The Golden Hall
Metal Blade

Formed in 1992, the band Amon Amarth has spent the last six years making a name for themselves and attracting the attention of the European metal scene. The band's second demo THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIMBUL WINTER, recorded at Peter Tagtgren's (Hypocrisy) Abyss Studios, was released by Pulverized Records of Singapore. Amon Amarth take a strong death metal approach and mix in a taste of black metal. The band's musical abilities don't get lost in their quest of creating a very heavy album, which is a nice touch.
—Forgach

WELCOME TO THE SUBTERRANEAN SECT



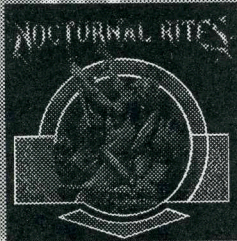
INCANTATION
Diabolical Conquest
ULTIMATE MUSICAL SACRILEGE, SURPASSING THE LEGACY OF UNPARALLELED BRUTALITY SET FORTH BY THEIR PREVIOUS ALBUMS.



NILE
Amongst the Catacombs of Nephren-Ka
WORSHIPPERS OF THE DEAD BE WARNED... NEPHREN-KA SHALL RISE.

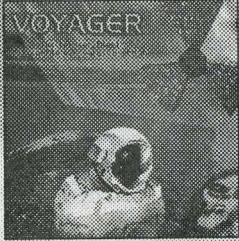


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Something Wild
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Daily Calendar

Tuesday, May 5

The Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Atomic Deluxe w/ Swing Gorillas -
Liquid Joe's

Leraine Hortsmanoff - Crocodile Lounge

Wednesday, May 6

Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Gamma Rays - Liquid Joe's
Josie Kreuzer & Mary Tebbs - Spankys
J.G.B. - Zephyr

Thursday, May 7

House of Cards - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Pinke - Crocodile Lounge
Atomic Deluxe - Liquid Joe's
Kirk St. James & Sad I'lea - Spankys
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Friday, May 8

Sturgeon General - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Melissa Warner - Crocodile Lounge
Honest Engine w/ One Eye - Liquid
Joe's

Elbo Finn - Holy Cow
Thirsty Alley, Bonesorrow, & Din Pedals
- Spankys
Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Saturday, May 9

Abstrak - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Fat Paw - Liquid Joe's
Moonshine Willey, Unlucky Boys &
Shuman Equation - Spankys

Sunday, May 10

Mombo Jumbo - Burt's Tiki Lounge

Monday, May 11

The Beaumonts - Burt's Tiki Lounge
James Woods - Crocodile Lounge
Straight No Chaser - Spankys

Tuesday, May 12

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Miss Peggy Rose - Crocodile Lounge

Wednesday, May 13

Decomposers - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Marmalade Hill - Liquid Joe's
Ann Beretta & Floor 13 - Spankys

Thursday, May 14

House of Cards - Burt's Tiki Lounge

Clayton Carr - Crocodile Lounge

The Given - Liquid Joe's
Thorazine & Second Hand Grace -
Spankys

Friday, May 15

Unlucky Boys - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Kris Zeeman - Crocodile Lounge
Chola w/ Side Walk Religion - Liquid
Joe's
Ether Red Bennies & Worm Drive -
Spankys

Saturday, May 16

Swamp Cooler - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Sun Masons - Liquid Joe's
Waist Deep & Head Shake - Spankys

Sunday, May 17

Mombo Jumbo - Burt's Tiki Lounge

Monday, May 18

Mike Morgan & the Crawl - Dead Goat
(Laura's favorite band, CD release)
Blair Lundstedt - Crocodile Lounge

Tuesday, May 19

The Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Leraine Hortsmanoff - Crocodile Lounge

Wednesday, May 20

Swamp Donkeys - Burt's Tiki Lounge
We the Living - Liquid Joe's
Black Licorice & Garden Weasels -
Spankys

Thursday, May 21

Second Hand Grace - Burt's Tiki Lounge
James Woods - Crocodile Lounge
Sidewalk Religion - Liquid Joe's
Zero State & Clayton Carr - Spankys

Friday, May 22

Those One Guys - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Melissa Warner - Crocodile Lounge
Disco Drippers - Liquid Joe's
Chola - Spankys

Saturday, May 23

Funk Toast - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Disco Drippers - Liquid Joe's
Secon Hand Grace & Poink - Spankys

Sunday, May 24

Mombo Jumbo - Burt's Tiki Lounge

Monday, May 25

Beaumonts - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Clayton Carr - Crocodile Lounge

Tuesday, May 26

Blues Jam - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Miss Peggy Rose - Crocodile Lounge

Wednesday, May 27

Daughters of the Nile - Burt's Tiki
Lounge
Sun Masons - Liquid Joe's
Love Suckers & Mary Tebbs - Spankys

Thursday, May 28

Semi Sweet - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Kris Zeeman - Crocodile Lounge
Slapdown - Liquid Joe's
A.Y.W.K.U.B.T.T.O.T.D. & Cannibal Buffe

Friday, May 29

Velvet Alex - Burt's Tiki Lounge
James Stuart - Crocodile Lounge
Cork CD Release - Liquid Joe's
Sister Shake & Dead End Cruiser -
Spankys

Saturday, May 30

Black Licorice - Burt's Tiki Lounge
Elbow Finn - Liquid Joe's
Yer Highness & Jezus Rides a Riksha -
Spankys

Sunday, May 31

Mombo Jumbo - Burt's Tiki Lounge

If you're not in
the FREE daily
Calendar, maybe
you didn't get
us your listing!

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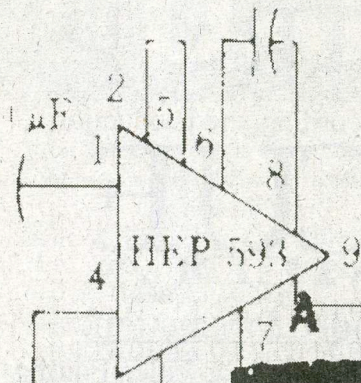
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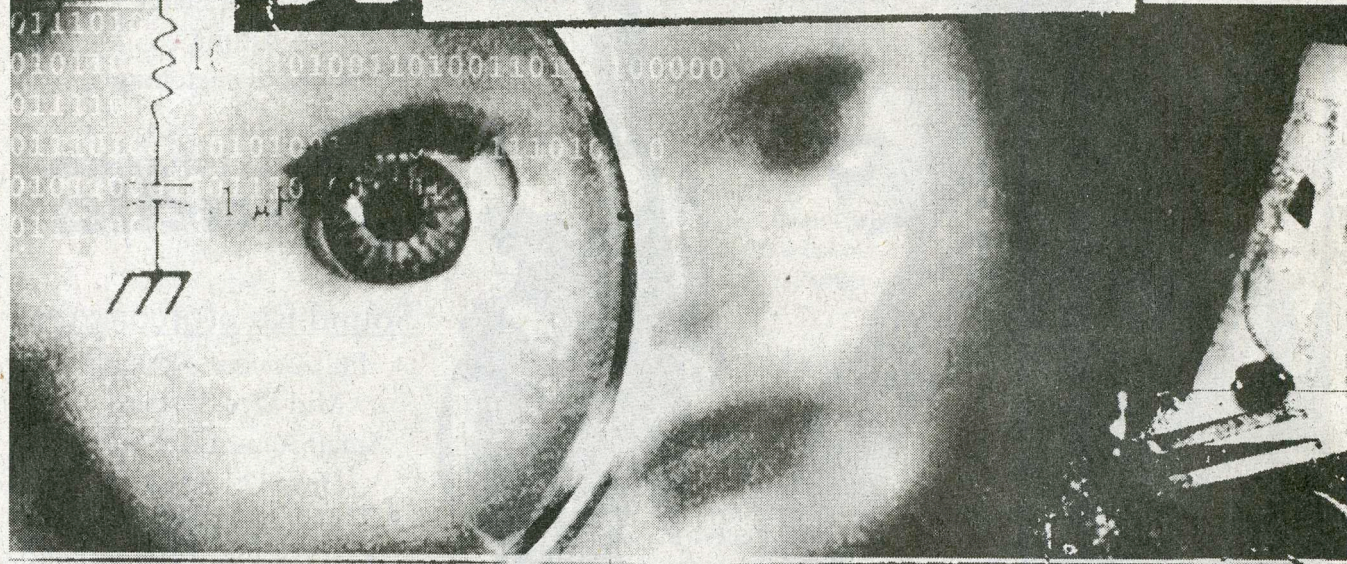
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